

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.

NO. 132 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE, HUMOR, &c.

EDMUND DEACON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.  
HENRY PETERSON,

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821.  
WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 1860.

## A LOVER'S DREAM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY AUGUST BELL.

When the Future comes as my heart hath willed,  
And dreams glad truths shall be,  
This is the home that I shall build  
For my beautiful love and me.

One room shall be a woodland room,  
With walls of leafy shade,  
Where she shall seem to see the boughs  
A waving o'er her head,—

Shall seem to see the waving boughs,  
With sunshine trembling through,  
And think she feels beneath her feet  
Grass, violets and dew.

One room shall be an ocean room,  
With walls of billowy green,  
And light as soft as if it came  
Down, down from suns unseen.

Amid the snow white shells and stones  
She'll tread the golden sand,  
And dream that she can see and catch  
Sea-mosses in her hand.

One room shall be a darkness room,  
Too dark to see a tear,  
But just beyond the sad may find  
The star beams pale and clear,—

For next shall be a starlight room,  
So faintly bright, so still,—  
With such a sense of peace therein  
And quietness from ill.

One room shall be a heaven room,  
With roof of pure, pale blue,  
And here and there a cloud shall float  
With sunlight shining through.

A rose room shall my darling have,  
Where she shall seem to be  
Wrapped in a still, sweet dreaminess,  
A heart of luxury.

My love shall have a lily room,  
Gold centred in the white,  
Where she shall dream she sails the sea  
In dainty shallow light!

Ah! what more can I give my love,  
If even this may be?  
Come, nestled, darling, to my heart,  
Heart's room is all for thee!

## THE DANE.

### A STORY OF THE TROPICS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

For a few moments the young girl sat staring blankly at the Dane, whose vehemence frightened her, but of whose genuineness of passion she could feel no doubt. Her cheek had gradually lost all color, her eye all fire—but she was a woman, and she pitied him—besides she felt sorrowful, for she had lost a friend.

"Manuel," she said, as tears gathered in her eyes, "you forgot."

This gentle reproach, this delicate allusion to the sad bereavement she had so recently sustained, instead of checking, renewed his ardor.

"No—I do not forget, Della—but I am dying while my passion is hopeless. I do not forget—I do not ask you to forget him—but he is in his grave. Mourn as you will, you cannot bring him back. He cannot speak to you again—never more can look in your eyes—never more listen, never more love; while I live in torture, in longing for one kind word and look. Della, ask what you will of me to prove my love, but do not let me, living, bear about a dead heart."

"Manuel," said Della, with deep emotion, "I am so sorry! so sorry you have spoken of this! I thought you had learned to regard me as a sister, with that calm and holy love which the angels feel; I little dreamed that while so quiet, so respectful, so attentive, your emotions toward me were so wild and passionate, or I should have kept the solitude of my own room. I cannot—I never can!"

"No! no! no!" cried Manuel, with vehemence, "you must not say the word that shall blast me. Remember I am an orphan, without father, mother, brother or sister; who have I in the wide world to love? No one but you. Therefore, do not say you cannot love me; let the words be unspoken, and I will wait as in the vision of the night I was commanded."

"The vision—what vision?" exclaimed Della, her thoughts turned into a new channel.

"Shall I tell you? I fear you cannot hear it," said Manuel, "and yet—I saw it—and lived. No, no, we had better say nothing more just now—just here. A creeping horror chills me; I never believed such things before."

"Manuel, you must tell me," cried Della, grown pale, all her superstitious fancies awaking.

"Then let us at least go where there are lights," said Manuel, his heart beating high at the unlock'd success of his suddenly conceived stratagem.—

"In these dim shadows I shall imagine the sight that was so palpable before. Had I better go on?" he asked, with well feigned hesitation, as Della, white with expectancy, seated herself on a lounge near an open window.

"Oh! tell me—tell me," whispered Della.

"Well, I left your father late last night, it might have been near twelve. I had been copying letters for three or four hours, and my eyes ached with fatigue.—

I took a candle, placed a shade over it, and walked slowly to my room. I had just reached the door, when a sudden, short, sharp gust of wind came by me, and the candle went out as if some one had stooped over the shade and blown it vehemently. I thought it was strange, for the flame was well protected, and I had never known it to happen before; but I groped my way inside the room, and began feeling about for matches. I had been dull and sleepy, with a sensation of oppression about the head, but this trifling accident had the effect of thoroughly rousing me. So, as I said, I went stumbling across the room, all my faculties wide awake, when, just as I was about to place my hand on the match lighter, I heard a singular rustling noise, and felt a recurrence of the same cold, sharp current of air, that seemed to lift my hair from my temples. Gradually I became aware that the room was not as dark as it had been. Little by little a pale light slowly rising and illuminating, filled it so that I could see every object. I felt bewildered, but not alarmed. It seemed to me as if somebody was there, and as yet I could see no form. My large arm-chair was placed with its front to the window, consequently as I stood at the back part of the room, I was behind it. That was the only object I could see distinctly. Whenever I looked towards it a film seemed to come over my eyes, or else some mysterious cloud enveloped it. At last, as I stood gazing and wondering, something darkened my window. I kept my vision straight towards it, and as I gazed, the singular shadow gradually took shape. At first it was airy, and I seemed to look through it; but in a moment it became denser, then the colors of—it is too much for words. I tried to consider it but as an illusion; in vain. He had been there—the spirit of the man!"—he grew pallid again—dashed his hand across his face. What power had prevented the articulation of that terrible word that sprang uncalled, unwelcome to his lips—"murdered."

"Manuel, will you ring for Rose? I feel faint and weary," murmured Rose.

"Forgive me—I would not have told you, but remember, you insisted."

"Yes, yes—I don't blame you," said Della, with a haste that seemed almost petulance; "I am very weary—and—and it is late," she repeated, with an anxious look. "Good-night," and leaning on Rose, she moved languidly to her room.

"Have I lost or gained?" muttered Manuel.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1860.



THE PROFESSOR LEARNS A FEARFUL SECRET.

A servant came in at that moment to snuff the candles, and as it took some time to remove the three shades, and place them on again, the spell was broken. Manuel lifted himself with a sigh of relief—wiped the cold sweat from his forehead, and though his lips trembled, he resumed the story, first protesting that he had had rather wait till the morrow—but Della would by no means consent.

"You will not blame me, then—not hold me responsible for what he said," murmured Manuel, with much effort preventing a recurrence of the strange tremor that had before seized him.

"Well, then," he said, "my friend, you love Della. She does not now return that love, but be patient. You were my companion before I knew her—that fact must strengthen her attachment to you. Be patient, wait—wait!"—and repeating the word "wait," most solemnly, most impressively, he vanished, and I was alone. I tried to consider it but as an illusion; in vain. He had been there—the spirit of the man!"—he grew pallid again—dashed his hand across his face. What power had prevented the articulation of that terrible word that sprang uncalled, unwelcome to his lips—"murdered."

"Manuel, will you ring for Rose? I feel faint and weary," murmured Rose.

"Forgive me—I would not have told you, but remember, you insisted."

"Yes, yes—I don't blame you," said Della, with a haste that seemed almost petulance; "I am very weary—and—and it is late," she repeated, with an anxious look. "Good-night," and leaning on Rose, she moved languidly to her room.

"Have I lost or gained?" muttered Manuel.

## CHAPTER XII.

### MORE TREACHERY.

The next day and the day following, Della was hardly visible. After that, her demeanor towards Manuel was very quiet and self-possessed, but not even as fond as it had been before. He often caught her eyes fixed upon him with a strange meaning that he could not read in their depths. She almost avoided him, but when by any accident she met him, but few words passed between them. Manuel was in torture as may well be supposed. Gradually there came gentlemen to see the fair mistress of the house. To be sure they made but short and formal calls, but Manuel grudged the very smiles with which the idol of his soul received them, and wished them all manner of evil. Among those who came most unguardedly, were young Woolden, the Governor's nephew, Kari Tracy, and M. Bernard. These three had still hopes of engaging the fair mistress of the Everglades—although no one of them felt so ardent and undisguised a love as M. Bernard. Kari Tracy unsuspectingly made Manuel his confidant, and as he was noted for his vanity, the former bore the boasting language of his Earship with commendable patience, until his jealousy was fearfully roused again.

"It is true, I assure you," the Kari said, one day, in his intensely condescending style, "the beautiful girl loves me, and I intend to make her Lady Tracy, if her father will give her to me. Of course, you know, he would never refuse, as it is an honor which few nati—men receive to have their daughters demanded in marriage by England's first nobility. Not a bad match in point of looks, eh, Manuel?"

"You look as old as her father," said Manuel, bluntly.

"Kari now really, that is not flattering," said the Count, his cheek reddening a little, "but I can excuse much to those who are not—I and though she felt that her first, freshest love

was buried in the grave with poor young Warren, yet the delicate attentions of M. Bernard, his extreme devotion to her, incessantly paved the way to her preference. Of Manuel's strange warning she had come to think as a dream. Her whole soul receded from the idea of wedding the Dane. She knew her proud father would resent such a possibility—that if he dreamed of an attempt on the part of the Dane to speak to her of love, that moment Manuel would be homeless. The more she reflected on the character of her early playmate the less she found to admire. He had shown himself passionate and selfish more than once on the most trifling provocations. The strange, defiant glare of his eye which could yet soften into such tenderness, alarmed her; and she had evidence that his nature, though capable of the fondest love, was yet too subtle and too revengeful to promise happiness. So she allowed herself to be pleased with M. Bernard, well aware that her father, now growing infirm, longed to see his child settled—and though conscious of no quick heart-throb at his approach, yet fearing no dislike of his personal attributes and mental gifts.

But Manuel, and perhaps, also, a higher power, had decreed that it was not to be. But the professor, addressing the tall, dark, muscular Kari, said, "I know them by their walk, way off that distance; and now I see their blankets. Master, if I was you, I'd give 'em a touch of the fire, the Injins thieves—they'd steal the tooth out of a man's head, master—ky! I'll go most 'em!"—and forgetting the water, he threw down the canteen and hurried towards them. Presently the whole party entered the tent. The captives were closely bound with the natural hemp of the forest, and scowled darkly as they met the eye of professor Vance. One of them, however, betrayed a strange emotion when he saw the professor, and for a moment gave some signs of trepidation. The other kept a sullen, down-look, and stood still and defiant.

"So, you rascals! you are caught, are you?" exclaimed the professor, addressing the tallest and largest. What was his astonishment to hear him reply in tolerable English,

"You ketch me, Mr. Manuel; but Wa-wa-nosh no got hundred dollars—hundred dollars all gone."

"Where in the world could the fellow have got a hundred dollars for that instrument in these wilds?" queried the professor, with an incredulous look.

"He doesn't mean dat, massa," said a stalwart negro, holding up the article unjoined.

"Hundred dollars all gone," repeated the Indian.

"What hundred dollars?—what do you mean, red-skin?" asked the professor, in amazement.

The Indian, for a moment, seemed disinclined to reply save by a grunt, but presently he said,

"You give him to Injin—you carry off white squaw—big white man's daughter, and you give Wa-wa-nosh hundred dollar for it. Hundred dollar all gone; no get him back from Injin."

"What on earth does the fellow mean?" queried the professor, still gazing at him, perplexed.

"Perhaps he takes you for Mr. Manuel, sir, at the Everglades," whispered the guide. "he called you by that name once."

"So he did, well what then! I don't see—he missed for a moment."

"Then I gave you a hundred dollars to carry off the white squaw. Why didn't you do as you agreed to?"

"River swell big. Me 'fraid big white man come and ketch Wa-wa-nosh—kill him. Me know you never come back after that money."

"There's some foul play here," muttered the professor. "Are you sure that I am the man who gave you a hundred dollars?"

"Oh, yes," replied the Indian, sententiously.

"What is my name?" queried the professor.

"Your name Mr. Manuel," replied the Indian.

"And what did I hire you to do?"

"Go up in bush—in the woods. Put ropes on your hands and white squaw's hands. Take you off—for, big ways—into Manao."

"Manao!"

"Great gold land—much Injin there. No pale face—pale face never git away—cause never git there; and something approaching to a smile lit the savage face."

The place in which he had pitched his tent was a natural amphitheatre. In the day time—the sight of the hills greenly clad, the noble sweep of the forest around the circular plot was unusually beautiful, and seen by the light of the moon, its loveliness was agreeably softened. The little home-like tent looked cheerful, illuminated as it was by two candles, and the blaze of a bright fire some few yards from the entrance, which served to banish insects within a certain circumference.

The professor was attired in a strong, dark linen suit, which set off his elegant person to advantage. He had bound a red handkerchief about his hair to keep it from his temples, and whenever he glanced up, the resemblance to Manuel was more than ever striking. His servitude was somewhat distance from him, washing the menialism in which his supper had been cooked. He was a mongrel Indian, possessing the slender

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1860.

"Ugh!" exclaimed the Indian with infinite satisfaction in look and tone, as though he felt he had some way got out of his trouble, though the black look that followed, proved that he was not quite secure as to how it might end.

"Very well then—you stay by us while we go to Berlitz—the other fellow can go, as I have found the instrument—let him go, men; and if he thives again, we shall burn him!" With this fearful threat, the Indian was let loose, and bounded from the tent.

"What do you think of the Indian's story?" asked Professor Vane of his guide, an intelligent young fellow.

"I think it appears a little dark for Manuel, sir," replied the other.

"So do I—so do I; I have had my suspicions more than once."

"But how comes it, sir, that you look so like Mr. Manuel?" interrogated the man; "at times I could swear you were he."

"Ah! that I don't know," was the reply; "a freak of nature, I suppose. It happens so sometimes, that two men born on opposite sides of a continent, bearing different blood in their veins, resemble each other like twins."

"I should say I was certain you were brothers, sir—if I didn't know."

"I hope not," returned the professor.

"Why, sir—we all like Mr. Manuel, right well, sir," said the guide.

"And I have no occasion to dislike him," said the professor; "on second thought I don't mind looking like him, as it will serve the purpose of justice."

In fourteen days after the capture of Wa-wa-nosh, who had continued very docile, though constantly watched and well guarded, they were some distance on their way to Berlitz, where in the adjacent forests grew some wonderful plants of great medicinal virtue.

In their wanderings, they came upon a plain in the midst of a dense forest, that presented a scene of the liveliest description. Upon tall poles were hung strips of gaily colored cloth or bark—there were tents and huts of recent erection and construction, and nearly a hundred Indians tricked out in their savage array, seemed to be engaged in traffic with the representatives of four or five different languages.

Here Wa-wa-nosh was of service in explaining the business and intentions of these natives of the interior.

"Him Maconah Injin, come to sell wounrall," he muttered, as they drew near the huts where were exposed curiously tinted boxes, painted and timed!

"Woural! what! that wonderful poison?" exclaimed Professor Vane; "I must have some; it is just what I want."

He accordingly approached one of the huts, where a peculiarly repulsive man seemed to welcome him as if he had known him and trafficked with him before.

"How do?" he cried, stretching out his hand, English fashion, "my glad to see white man again. Got some very strong woural. Make him myself. Pick seven days after, so they call medicine man; think I going to die—ugh! Big John no dead yet; live to make much woural."

"What do you call it for a box?"

"You give me ten dollars before," said the Indian, slyly.

"I gave you ten dollars!" I never saw you before."

"Ugh, ugh!" chuckled the other, "Injin never forgit. big John never forgit. You give me ten dollar before—this much stronger and better; just prick him, he die—pop. Very fine box for ten dollar."

"What do you mean, man?" cried the professor, frowning; "I tell you I was never here before—never in this country before; I came from America."

"But I sell you box of woural for ten dollar," persisted the Indian stolidly. "You go away—leave book here—book fall out of your pocket, big John find it—ugh!"

Thus saying, he produced a little red memorandum book, embossed delicately on the cover. The professor opened it curiously, but when he saw the fly leaf, he wondered no longer. On it was written, in a child's large, awkward hand,

"From Delta St. Lemoine to Manuel."

The conviction that flashed upon him now, almost staggered him. He had heard and read wonderful accounts of the woural poison. For what purpose had the Dane purchased the deadly stuff, and given a sum so extravagant? How instantaneously there came to his memory the dark looks and darker sayings of the man! It appeared plainly now to him that Manuel was a dangerous character, and that his hands were perhaps stained with blood.

The mysterious abduction into the interior stood out to his comprehension a cunning and well managed plot. The Dane was determined to get possession of the girl—that he knew perfectly well, for Wa-wa-nosh had revealed to him Manuel's conversation. But that his vengeance had gone the awful length of striking down a human being in cold blood—of murdering him, assassin-like—that he could then stand over his body, lift it in his perjured arms—that he could look without compunction on the wide spread ruin he had wrought—that was to him entirely incomprehensible, and horrible in the extreme. However, he kept his convictions to himself, purchased the poison, giving the extravagant price demanded, purchased the book also, and set about making experiments with his woural.

He bought arrows that he was careful to see prepared with the poison in the best manner. Persuading that the Indian acted with great cunning and precaution, he placed himself in communication with him, as if he were the person for whom he had been taken.

With an almost overwhelming show of secrecy, the Indian now took out a little case made of bark and quills, and with many signs and grimaces, opened it. It was filled with long, sharp needles. Then the savage produced another box, larger and more ornamented, from which he took a small flat instrument composed of a minute spring and a slender metallic tube. Still riveting his attention, the Indian laid one of the needles in the tube—placed the machine in the hollow of his hand, and pointing it, still in a concealed way, at a bit of wild cotton not much larger than the

point of a pin that had caught against the wall of the shanty, he touched the spring, when quick and noiseless the needle flew, and hung quivering in the white list like substance.

The Indian turned to him again, and with mien expressive, but sneerful pantomime, appeared to ask him if he could use or had used it in that way.

He bent his head while a sickening sensation came over him, and his heart sank within him. As in a mirror he saw the dead done. This infernal machine, as he conjectured by the signs, left no mark, but was dipped in the strongest solution of the poison, and sent, perhaps, its length into the quivering flesh, when instantaneous death was the result. He brought a box of the hideous instruments, giving as before for the poison, an unprecedented price, and experimented upon some fowls. In every case, death was certain, sudden, and apparently without anguish. He was destined to see its effects still more painfully displayed.

One day he accepted an invitation to witness a tapir-hunt. In the course of the chase they came to a forest where numberless red monkeys chattered in the trees. One of the Indians took a poisoned arrow and fired at a little fellow who grimed from the loftiest branch. It was nearly a perpendicular shot. The arrow missed the monkey, and in the descent struck the Indian in the arm a little above the elbow, slightly drawing blood. With a look which no language could express, the poor Indian turned to the wound.

"I must die," he said, "it is all over with me. I shall never see my little children again. I shall never," said he, in a faltering voice, and looking at his bow as he spoke, "I shall never bind this bow again."

He then feebly unstrung his little bamboo-poison box, which hung across his shoulder, and putting it with his bow and arrows on the ground, he laid himself close down beside them and never spoke again. The Indians gathered about their dying comrade, and stood looking sadly on. The professor examined the body, and noticed the same peculiarities which the physician had pointed out in the case of poor young Warren. The quiet, composed demeanor, the pleasant expression of countenance—the took so little like death.

A California correspondent of the *Missouri Democrat*, does not think very highly of the Apple-pie, or "Japan" pie melon, as a substitute for the common apple or peach. He says:

For a time, when it was first introduced, it had a great run; just as anything new will have—just as this no doubt will have in your State, until everybody has tried it, and grown tired of it. Before the time when fruit had begun to be raised in such quantities as to place it in the reach of all—for instance, when an apple or a peach could not be had for less than \$5 to \$5, and when the greater portion of the people, having been so long without tasting any fresh fruit of any kind, had nearly forgotten how it tasted that they were ready to be imposed upon by anything that could be made to have the slightest taste approaching to that of fruit—then the pie-melon was all the rage, because by giving it in the apple pie something like the place the boulder occupied in the stone soup of the Yankees—by seasoning it well with spices, and sugar, and acid, it could be made into a pretty fair pie; and as it was *Hobson's choice* anyhow, everybody endeavored to make the best of it, and so apple-melon-pie was esteemed by common consent one of the luxuries of the day. It is but a few years since it was sold in the San Francisco market for fifty cents per pound. But after everybody had made pretty free of it, and it had gotten to be rather an old story, and when peaches and other fruit had become so reduced, so pricely, that pie could be occasionally made of them, and people were able to compare the taste of the two, they were compelled to admit, like the man with the broiled crow, that though apple-melon pie was good, and they liked it, yet they didn't hanker after it; and now the melons cannot be sold in any part of California *of any price*. Last fall, thousands of them rotted in the fields in this neighborhood, because nobody would take them as a gift; and, in a year or two, I do not suppose that, except as an occasional novelty, they will be known in the State.

And now the time to which the professor had limited himself was drawing to a close. He had collected many valuable plants, and minerals. He had nearly fifty superb specimens of aquatic plants, and almost every variety of the lily to be found in the rivers. It was with singular sensations that he turned his face toward the Everglades, bearing evidence as he did of the awful crimes of a fellow being, one in whom he had felt some interest, and who had been the daily companion for years of the sweet girl to whom his own heart turned with strange, yearning tenderness. He still retained Wa-wa-nosh in his confidence. The Indian had instructions how to act if his appearance was necessary. Wa-wa-nosh had not, without the greatest difficulty, been made to believe that Manuel and the professor were not one and the same person. He had become extremely attached to his patron, and readily and willingly confided in him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHAT men most covet, wealth, distinction, power, are baubles nothing worth—they only serve

To cause us up, as children at the school

Are roused up to exertion, our reward

Is in the race we run, not in the prize

Those few, to whom is given what they ne'er earned,

Having by favor or inheritance,

The dangerous gifts placed in their hands,

Know not, nor ever can, the generous pride

That glows in him who on himself relies,

Entering the lists of life. He speeds beyond

These all, and foremost in the race succeeds

His joy is not that he has got his crown,

But that the power to win the crown is his

(CONTINUED.)

WHAT men most covet, wealth, distinction, power,

Are baubles nothing worth—they only serve

To cause us up, as children at the school

Are roused up to exertion, our reward

Is in the race we run, not in the prize

Those few, to whom is given what they ne'er earned,

Having by favor or inheritance,

The dangerous gifts placed in their hands,

Know not, nor ever can, the generous pride

That glows in him who on himself relies,

Entering the lists of life. He speeds beyond

These all, and foremost in the race succeeds

His joy is not that he has got his crown,

But that the power to win the crown is his

(CONTINUED.)

WHAT men most covet, wealth, distinction, power,

Are baubles nothing worth—they only serve

To cause us up, as children at the school

Are roused up to exertion, our reward

Is in the race we run, not in the prize

Those few, to whom is given what they ne'er earned,

Having by favor or inheritance,

The dangerous gifts placed in their hands,

Know not, nor ever can, the generous pride

That glows in him who on himself relies,

Entering the lists of life. He speeds beyond

These all, and foremost in the race succeeds

His joy is not that he has got his crown,

But that the power to win the crown is his

(CONTINUED.)

WHAT men most covet, wealth, distinction, power,

Are baubles nothing worth—they only serve

To cause us up, as children at the school

Are roused up to exertion, our reward

Is in the race we run, not in the prize

Those few, to whom is given what they ne'er earned,

Having by favor or inheritance,

The dangerous gifts placed in their hands,

Know not, nor ever can, the generous pride

That glows in him who on himself relies,

Entering the lists of life. He speeds beyond

These all, and foremost in the race succeeds

His joy is not that he has got his crown,

But that the power to win the crown is his

(CONTINUED.)

WHAT men most covet, wealth, distinction, power,

Are baubles nothing worth—they only serve

To cause us up, as children at the school

Are roused up to exertion, our reward

Is in the race we run, not in the prize

Those few, to whom is given what they ne'er earned,

Having by favor or inheritance,

The dangerous gifts placed in their hands,

Know not, nor ever can, the generous pride

That glows in him who on himself relies,

Entering the lists of life. He speeds beyond

These all, and foremost in the race succeeds

His joy is not that he has got his crown,

But that the power to win the crown is his

(CONTINUED.)

WHAT men most covet, wealth, distinction, power,

Are baubles nothing worth—they only serve

To cause us up, as children at the school

Are roused up to exertion, our reward

Is in the race we run, not in the prize

Those few, to whom is given what they ne'er earned,

Having by favor or inheritance,

The dangerous gifts placed in their hands,

Know not, nor ever can, the generous pride

That glows in him who on himself relies,

Entering the lists of life. He speeds beyond

These all, and foremost in the race succeeds

His joy is not that he has got his crown,

## LETTER FROM PARIS.

A MOVE IN THE ROYAL DIRECTOR.—THE LITTLE PRINCE AND HIS QUEST—AN ACTIVE REBELLION—TURNING THE TABLES—A PRETEXT FOR GOSSIP—A SCENE IN JERUSALEM—JACK PROUT TURNED TEACHER.

PARIS, May 18, 1860.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Much interest has been manifested in France, of late years, in regard to the amelioration of the dwellings occupied by the laboring classes. A grant of 100,000 francs was lately made by the Government to the town of Lille, to be devoted to the erection of houses for the workmen of that locality; where the attention of the public was first called to the subject by the formation of a company, in 1853, by the Messrs. Sorrie, who, with a capital of 300,000 francs, and a subsidy of 179,600 francs, built 234 houses for workmen, the rent of which was fixed at 10 francs (\$2.00) a month. Each of these houses contained four rooms. The unmarried men were placed in houses of eight rooms, and paid one franc and a half a month, or one a day. The company had taken the engagement never to receive more than 4 per cent. interest on its advances.

At Rouen, and at Marseilles, similar houses have been erected in a similar manner. At Mulhouse, a company was also formed for the same purpose, in 1853, with a capital of 300,000 francs, and with the aid of a small subsidy, built a number of houses, each of which was let to a single family. Every house had a court and garden, and was perfectly isolated from the others. Their rent can never exceed 8 per cent. of cost, and they are sold to workmen, wishing to purchase, at the exact cost price. Houses having a superficies of 40 metres, (130 feet,) with a garden of 120 metres, and containing kitchen, cellar, and a room with an alcove, on the ground floor, two rooms above, water closet and garret, cost 1,858 francs. Larger houses cost from 2,525 francs to 3,900. The conditions of purchase are:—A sum paid down of from 300 to 500 francs, according to the value of the house, and afterwards from 20 to 30 francs a month, so as to pay off two-thirds of the capital, the interest at 5 per cent., and the charges of the purchase, in six or seven years. The remaining third of the original price is lent by the Credit Foncier Company, on the annual payment for 30 years of a compound interest which represents the sinking fund of the loan. In the quarter where these houses are situated, there are two schools, a wash-house, and a bathing establishment.

The *Cite Ouvrière*, an immense house, divided into apartments of one or more rooms, to suit the convenience of single workmen and families, which was built some ten or a dozen years ago in the upper part of the Rue Rochechouart of this city, has proved not only a great blessing to the class who tenant it, but also a very anse to speculate to its builders. It is always full, and many more applications are made for rooms than can be granted. The rents are made as low as is compatible with the payment of an interest of 5 per cent. on the capital invested; and the tenants have the advantage of far better accommodations than they could obtain elsewhere, even for a much higher rent.

The Parisians, who are never satisfied unless they have a bit of gossip to circulate, and who generally enjoy the circulation of these improvisations in direct proportion to their ill-nature, got up a story, last week, to the effect that the little Prince Imperial had been so very impudent and naughty to his mamma, that the Emperor had caused him to be degraded from his rank in the Guards, and, to make the lesson more severe, had also deprived him, in presence of that regiment, of his uniform. Strange to say, the *Moniteur* has come out with a contradiction of this very improbable bit of gossip, attributing to "political animosity" the calumny "thus directed against a child whose tender years ought to protect him from attack, even did he not, by his remarkable intelligence, and the proofs he so constantly gives of his unusual goodness of heart, show himself worthy of the admiration and affection of all about him." Since which magnanimous defense of the little fellow, the official journal has informed us that his Imperial Highness, having manifested a wish to see the children of the Imperial Guard, the Emperor allowed those belonging to the regiment now in Paris to be brought to the Tuilleries, a few days ago. Accordingly, about five in the afternoon, about 150 of these boys were marched to the Palace, where Marshal Renaud de St. Jean d'Angely, Gen. Mellinet, and the Colonels of the first division of the infantry of the Guard, had also assembled. The little Prince placed himself in their ranks, and the whole party then defiled before the Superior and Empress, after which they marched off to a collation prepared for them, the Emperor and Empress presiding at the *feu*. Of course, the boys were highly delighted at this "distinguished" treatment, and shouted lustily in honor of the Prince on drinking his health. The latter, who enjoyed the affair fully as much as his guests, replied to this ovation by giving "The Army, and the Children of the Guard," a toast which had probably been suggested to the young gentleman before sitting down to table, but which, the *Moniteur* declares, "was not expected from a child of his age, and gave great pleasure to all present."

The desire of the Emperor to keep the army in good humor is evident on all occasions; and the important part still attributed by all the Continental Governments to the musket and bayonet seem to indicate that we are not yet very near the millennium. The universal arming of the Governments of Europe may, or may not, be the precursor of a general storm; but that sharp work will soon be seen in Italy, it seems impossible to doubt. General Lamoriciere is doing his utmost to get up a Papal army, and to get it into fighting order. As remarked in a previous letter, he is equally clever as a General and as an organizer; and though the number of officers who volunteer into the Papal service is said to outnumber that of the privates, he seems to be succeeding in forming a corps which threatens to be treacherous, if not dangerous, to the Italians. The stories circulating here in illustration of the

abuses brought to light by the General, are sufficiently amazing. Among other things, he is said to have found that 2,527 officers or soldiers who figured on the lists of the army, had no existence, but that pay was regularly drawn for them. He was also told that captains made it a rule not to mention the numerous desertions which take place in their companies; 1st, in order not to disturb the good opinion which the Pope has of his army; and 2nd, in order to receive the same pay for their troops. The General, having determined to reorganize the Pontifical Dragoons, who were dissolved some time ago, but of whom 150 remained, found that his determination excited much opposition. He at last determined to see the helmets and uniforms of the Dragoons, but was told that they had been sold.

"To whom?" inquired the General.  
"To the manager of a theatre."  
"For how much?"  
"For three *poidis* per helmet."  
"How much did each helmet cost?"  
"Forty-eight *poidis*."  
"Send for the manager," said the General. The manager made his appearance.

"You must bring back to me all the helmets you have purchased," said the General, "and you shall be paid for them."

"How much shall I receive?" inquired the manager.

"Three *poidis* each, what you paid for them!" replied the General.

"General," exclaimed the unfortunate manager, "I paid 25 *poidis* per helmet, as you will see by this receipt!" and he produced a paper proving that he had really paid that sum!

The General has also compelled the Cardinals to name a new War-Minister, Cardinal Merode, who seems determined to second the French General with all his might. It seems that when the Cardinal went to the Ministry of War for the first time, he found the doors and windows closed, and the clerks all absent. He sent for them in the course of the day, and said:—

"Gentlemen, I rise every morning at five o'clock, I say mass at six, I breakfast at seven—I shall always be at the Ministry by eight, and I will make a note, on the first occasion, of those I find absent; if the same thing occurs a second time, you will receive a censure; and the third time, you will be dismissed."

Strange to say, however, we are not without indications that lead us to suspect that the Emperor, who never does things like other people, and who seems to like to make the European public suppose that he is doing exactly the opposite of what he is really about, has only allowed the clergy and their abbeys to have their own way in getting up help for the Pope, in order to take them in their own way.

The recruitments and subscriptions going on so ostentatiously in this country and throughout Catholic Europe, on behalf of the Pope, have just produced a counter movement among the Democratic party, which, unless the government interfere, may give a turn to affairs in Italy not exactly agreeable to the partisans of absolutism. Delegates representing no less, it is said, than 10,000 of the workingmen of Paris, have been to the offices of one of the leading journals here, *L'Opinion Nationale*, offering their services to Garibaldi, in aid of the Sicilian movement. "The Government allows recruits and money to go to the Pope; very good; it cannot, therefore, object to the sending of recruits and money in aid of the Italian patriots." The editors of the journal in question—one of those which advocate most warmly the Imperial dynasty and policy—has accordingly opened a subscription for sending men, money and arms to Garibaldi; the editors heading the list with their own names to the amount of 4,000 francs.

"What will the Government do under these circumstances?" is the question in everybody's mouth; the general opinion being that it will not prevent such a movement on the part of private individuals; rumor, indeed, asserting that the Emperor has already allowed it to be understood that any funds, so collected will be safely transmitted to the heroic soldiers of Italian independence. This movement, taken in conjunction with Lord John Russell's declaration, a few nights since in the House of Commons, that "the transmission of funds for such a purpose, by private individuals, is not contrary to English law," would seem to add a certain weight to the belief, which now seems universal in Italy, that the Governments of France, England and North Italy are secretly favoring Garibaldi; and that the French army at Rome will be recalled as soon as matters are ripe for Garibaldi's settlement of Lamoriciere and his *Popolari*.

As any active interference of the Emperor in the affairs of South Italy would probably lead to a general conflagration, this tacit support—which would undoubtedly suffice to enable the Italian patriots to clear the peninsula of its domestic foes, and unite it under the constitutional sway of Victor Emmanuel—would really be one of the very cleverest and most beneficial of "dodges."

While the political and diplomatic worlds are so full of apparent possibilities of conflict, their representatives in this lively city seem to be on the best possible terms with one another. The Annual Fair, which is gotten up here by the English residents for the benefit of intelligent British subjects, has just been held, as usual, in the state apartments of the British Embassy, nearly all the foreign ambassadors assisting Lady Cowley and her English aids at the various stalls. The Emperor had allowed a quantity of English articles—porcelain, ladies hats and feathers, &c.—to be brought into France for this fair free of duty, and these things were bought up eagerly by the visitors. The gardens were thrown open for the occasion, and a band of music was in attendance. All the "wealth and fashion" now congregated in Paris, native and foreign, patronized the bazaar; the Emperor and the Empress visiting it on the first day, and making several purchases. After three days of successful trading, the fair was shut up shop; and the articles still undispensed of are to be raffled for a few days hence. Plenty of nonsense, of course, is talked about this fair; such gathering being always a fruitful theme for gossip;

and scandal-mongers. A fair held a short distance, in behalf of another charity, was even more prolific in consequence than this one. The Princess de Metternich, who seems to have rapidly acquired a reputation for boyishish pranks, is declared to have given a gentleman a pretty hard thump on the shoulder as he passed at her stall, demanding 20 francs of him at the price of that delicate piece of attention, and adding, "a kiss is 50 francs!" Another lady is said to have sold to a gentleman customer, for twenty francs, the privilege of kissing as much of her fair arm as he could get at between the top of her glove and the hand of her sleeve; in fact there is no end to the gossip, often far from edifying, set about after every such gathering.

But fancy fairs are not the only pretexts for scandal which this incomprehensible little planet thinks fit to furnish to itself. Matters the most serious, and ceremonies designed to be the most solemn, become, in unworthy hands, as everybody knows, the occasions for any amount of absurdity. Thus the recurrence of the festival of Easter Sunday, has again been made the excuse for a renewal of the pretended miracle of the "Sacred Fire," by the Greek, Armenian, and Coptic clergy of Asia Minor. The Russian clergy stood aloof from the affair, and the Turkish Governor of Jerusalem took every precaution to prevent the recurrence of the disorders so generally attendant on these "high tides" in the birth place of the Christian faith. A company of Moslem soldiers mounted guard in the church of the Holy Sepulchre; and pickets of troops formed a double line about the church, and along every avenue leading to its doors. The utmost exertions of these troops were scarcely sufficient to maintain order among the crowds who sought to force their way to the two openings whence the pretended "Fire from Heaven" is made to issue, close to which stood a couple of deacons, Greek and Armenian, robed in their dalmatics, ready to receive the fire, and communicate it to the deputies from the neighboring Greek villages, who stood there with lanterns, ready, in turn, to receive the flame, and carry it to their townsmen. About two o'clock, the noisy and impatient crowd were partially silenced by the approach of the Superior of the Coptic monks, wearing a chlamys of many colors thrown over his shoulders, and on his head a tall, conical cap; he was preceded by two Musulman porters, who made him sit down on a stone bench near the entrance to the sepulchre, he not being entitled to enter first. Next were seen advancing from the choir a dozen banners, borne by stout young Greeks, with bare, tattooed arms, who took their stand in front of the statues of the Apostles. These youths, as they advanced, assumed a variety of burlesque attitudes: apparently under the direction of a Greek priest with a long white beard. They were followed by twelve priests in rich white dresses, and the Archbishop of Petra, all chanting the "Kyrie Eleison," and the procession, having twice made the tour of the sacred monument, stopped before the door. Each of the ministers then hurriedly stripped off his ornaments, and the prelates entered the Chapel of the Angel; he was immediately followed by the Greek Patriarch, and the poor Coptic Abbot was thrust in after them. The noise and confusion were now at their height; and the soldiers had great difficulty in maintaining their positions against the eager pressure of the multitude. The miracle was not long delayed: a pale light was seen to issue from the two openings; the two deacons caught the celestial flame, and hastily retired, followed by a crowd of devotees all anxious to light their tapers at the privileged torch. The nearer the source the fire is obtained, the greater are supposed to be its virtues. The most extraordinary powers are attributed to this fire, which is supposed to remove all impurities both of soul and body. The chief performers remained a short time in the Holy Sepulchre; and then the Archbishop, the Patriarch, and the Copt came forth with haggard looks, as though overcome by the scene they had beheld in its interior, and were eagerly received by their respective priests in attendance. This impudent juggling being over, the spectators dispersed. The Latins, who patronize the annual liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, the dropping of blood from numerous images, the periodical winking of pictured virgins, and innumerable other "miracles" every whit as absurd as this of the "Sacred Fire," not having taken this particular "manifestation" under their auspices, are, of course, most indignantly shocked and scandalized therewith.

"Why do you suppose they belong to?" Why to the Duchess of Parma! And, moreover, the vessel has gone back to fetch a battery and a half of artillery of the Duke of Modena.

We leave readers of all parties to draw their own moral; only adding, that when Conventions thin out Presidential aspirants, the more difficult crag is yet to be scaled; for then the people come in and peat down some one or more who were lucky enough to get a party nomination.—N. Y. Jour. Com.

ANECDOTE OF WEBSTER.

There resided at Conway, N. H., a well-known character—the famous Billy Abbott, both small of stature and old of his age, and who by his humorous wit and wonderful knowledge of every little incident that made this or that place particularly charming and interesting to the historian and the antiquarian, so ingratiated himself into the good favor of the great expounder of the Constitution, that he always gave him a seat in his carriage when he rode out to visit the beauties of nature. Billy's associates felt envious on account of the honor conferred upon him by this distinguished man, one day, after Webster's departure, sarcastically asked Billy, in the crowded bar room, what he and his friend Webster found to converse about as they rode about the country.

Billy replied, "We usually talk about horseracing and agriculture, and the different breeds of cattle and horses, and upon these subjects I derive from him a great deal of useful information; and upon such topics I find him a little more than my match; but the moment"—he emphatically added, with a gesture, and a tone of voice becoming the orator himself—"but the moment he alludes to the Constitution, I can floor him in a minute!" which was received with great applause, and the Banquo of Eury never again affronted Daniel's rustic favorite.—*Observe Register*.

The simple fact is that Russia, on the off-hand, wants both men and money; on the other, she most ardently seeks peace and prosperity. There is not a man throughout the whole empire, commanding with the Emperor, who does not ardently pray for it; and greatly fears any fresh internal commotion which seeks external aggression. He earnestly desires reform. He sees and feels that, however territorially vast his empire, it is all but the last—*I question if it be not the very last* in the list of civilized nations. "The man Turk *de facto* is in advance of the mere Russ in all that makes life worth."

The writer adds that, although the Emperor Alexander earnestly desires to emancipate the serfs, the question drags on slowly, surrounded by difficulty, even danger, to the State.

SIR PETERHOUSE, May 24.—Prince Garibaldi has sent instructions to the Russian representatives at the Courts of the Great Powers, explaining why the Turkish Ambassador was not invited, with the Ambassadors of Austria, France, Great Britain and Prussia, to receive the proposals of Russia relative to an inquiry into the condition of the Christians in Turkey. He says, if it had been necessary to call the representatives of the Porte, because he signed the treaty of the 30th of March, 1856, the same claim could have been made by Sardinia, whose participation would have been optional.

WHAT RUSSIA WANTS.—If we are to credit a Petersburg correspondent of the Morning Post, Russia is occupied almost exclusively with dreams of peace, progress and reform.—The writer says that, after thirty years of war, against progress, civilization, and common sense, Russia is beginning to open her eyes, and, regretting the past, wishes a brighter future.

The simple fact is that Russia, on the off-hand, wants both men and money; on the other, she most ardently seeks peace and prosperity. There is not a man throughout the whole empire, commanding with the Emperor, who does not ardently pray for it; and greatly fears any fresh internal commotion which seeks external aggression. He earnestly desires reform. He sees and feels that, however territorially vast his empire, it is all but the last—*I question if it be not the very last* in the list of civilized nations. "The man Turk *de facto* is in advance of the mere Russ in all that makes life worth."

The writer adds that, although the Emperor Alexander earnestly desires to emancipate the serfs, the question drags on slowly, surrounded by difficulty, even danger, to the State.

SIR PETERHOUSE, May 24.—Prince Garibaldi has sent instructions to the Russian representatives at the Courts of the Great Powers, explaining why the Turkish Ambassador was not invited, with the Ambassadors of Austria, France, Great Britain and Prussia, to receive the proposals of Russia relative to an inquiry into the condition of the Christians in Turkey. He says, if it had been necessary to call the representatives of the Porte, because he signed the treaty of the 30th of March, 1856, the same claim could have been made by Sardinia, whose participation would have been optional.

AUSTRIA.—VIENNA, May 24.—The opening of the enlarged Council of the Empire has been adjourned until the 31st instant, in order to prepare the programmes of what is to be submitted to its deliberations. The nominations of Count Széchenyi, and Andrássy, and the Fredejus Czochačev, as members of the Council of the Empire, to replace the three Hungarian members who resigned, have been signed by the Emperor.

Hungary seems to be awaiting a favorable moment for insurrection.

LIVERPOOL, May 26.—Cotton—Prices are tolerably steady, whilst the lower qualities are again a *bit* lower, and the inferior grades are most irregular.

FLOUR is at 26/- to 30s. The weather is very favorable for the crops. Provisions quiet.

FOUR DAYS LATER.

By the North Briton we have four days later news.

TUNIS, May 29.—An official dispatch from Naples announces the arrival there of an English steamer, Mr. George Wilkes presented Sayers with the belt which had been subscribed for him, and Mr. Dowling presented the belt to Sayer. The Irish residents of Marylebone, Eng., have presented a purse of sovereigns, amounting to about £30, and a scroll, to John C. Neenan, as a mark of respect and sympathy, as Irishmen and fellow countrymen, for his manly conduct during his public career since his arrival in England.

NEENAN AND SAYERS.—John C. Neenan has issued a peremptory challenge to John Morrissey, to fight him for any sum from 5 cents to \$5,000.

NEENAN AND SAYERS were to give a "seance" at Cremona Gardens, London, on the 30th ult. The tickets were half a guinea each, and it was expected that an audience of ten thousand would be present.

A BOXTOP LEAP-YEAR STORY.—A bachelor in the village of Carnoustie, having been left alone in the house with the servant, one evening, had been sitting meditatively, when the room door was thrown open, and the fair "help" appeared, and told him that she could live no longer without him, and consequently that he must marry her, and the sooner the better. The astonishment of the gentleman was so great, that some time elapsed before he could reply in the negative, when the damsel was coolly preparing to act as mistress, when he ordered her to quit his presence, which she did, after some hesitation. Next morning, acting on the advice of a friend, the persecuted bachelor dismissed the abigail, who found herself expelled from a house, of which she had imagined she would soon become the mistress.

ANCIENT CITIES.—Five ancient cities, deserted and forgotten, have been discovered in the Great Desert, beyond the River Jordan. A party made up of the Royal Asiatic Society, from Mr. Graham, an Englishman, lately returned from travels in the East, gives the particulars of these cities. They were as perfect, as if the inhabitants had just left them, the houses retaining the massive stone doors, which are characteristic of that architecture of that region.

One of the cities is remarkable for a large building like a castle, built of white stone, beautifully cut. Further eastward, other places were found where every stone had inscriptions in an unknown character, bearing some apparent resemblance to the Greek alphabet, but probably referable to the Hamitic alphabet, formerly in use in Southern Arabia."

MISS LUCILLE MARTIN, just on the eve of sweet seventeen, pretty, beautiful, and a "Shakespear" to boot, has just "shaken" off the straight-laced "nights" of her society, and has sought the more pleasing society of a young and ardent lover, Mr. Murray. The interesting affair happened in Cassanova. The beauty of the lovely Shakespear attracted the dark eyes of the youth, and one night, So a "runaway" was planned and successfully carried out last Monday. The lover and two friends made an incursion into the Shakespear settlement at Warrington, carried off the girl, and a kind man interdicted her. The Shakespear is satisfied with her selection.

GENERAL JESSEUP, Quartermaster-General of the Army, died at Washington on the 10th, from the effects of the paralytic attack of Thursday. He entered the army on the same day with Lieutenant General Scott, May 31, 1803. He was about seventy-one years of age.

SENATOR COOPER, of Massachusetts, was recently succeeded by Captain Henry of Washington, with a personal assault for his late speech. Capt. Henry afterwards apologized.—There was considerable excitement for a day or two, owing to rumors of an assault upon Mr. Sumner being intended.

THE HARTFORD CHAMBERS have approved the session of Savoy to France.

LIVERPOOL, May 31.—The cotton market shows very dull, with a decline for lower qualities and the prices very irregular.

ST. HELENA, May 31

## MET AT LAST.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

You said we should meet, in those older days  
When we fingered hand in hand,  
In the mellow prime of the autumn-time,

In the pleasant meadow-land;

You said we should meet,—and I said we now,

How your eyes were starred with tears—

For the edge of the shadow touched you then.

That has bid us all these years.

But the years go back and the clouds fall off,

And now to face we stand—

And heart greets heart and eye meets eye,

And hand embraces hand.

But many a crop hath been gathered in

From the pleasant meadow-land—

And the eye is dim and the cheek is thin,

And we tremble as we stand.

And peace in our hearts lies still and deep

Where mirth has ceased to be—

Where the breath of our tears comes weeping up,

Like the breath of the salt, salt sea.

But we meet at last, and 'tis balm to meet

In this quiet, trustful way—

When the pause pulse of our restless life

Is tempered down for ay!

The light falls out on the meadow land,

All white with blossom snow—

And the garden-path of the noisy manas.

Are full of the long ago.

The light falls down on our bended heads,

All white with blossom snow—

And our paths are one to the setting sun,

And we smile to think it so.

## ONLY HIS WAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY MARGARET LYON.

"It's a very bad way," said I, as I laid off my bonnet, speaking to myself, yet aloud, and with some warmth of tone.

"What is a bad way?" inquired my mother, looking up from the page she was reading.

"Mr. Mason's way is a bad way," I answered.

"What about Mr. Mason, now?" asked my mother, with a look of inquiry.

"Oh, he's a disagreeable man, take him as you will. I always feel, when I am near him, as if it would do me good to give him a piece of my mind."

"What have you found especially disagreeable to-day, my daughter?"

"I'll tell you." And, reader, I'll tell you at the same time.

Mr. Mason is our next door neighbor. His dear little wife is one of my particular friends. Everybody loves her; she is so gentle and sweet.

How she ever came to waste her sweetness on such a cold, rough, hard man as her husband, is one among the ten thousand unexplained matrimonial mysteries. There is nothing invaluable about him. I always feel, when near him, as if a hand were pushing me away. It requires an effort to be even civil to him. But, to the cause of my present indignation, I had called in to see Mrs. Mason, and not a little to my disappointment, found her husband at home. She received me in her usual pleasant way, and he with his usual growling welcome. He was not very well, I believe, which accounted for his being home at this particular time. I sat down to chat with Mrs. Mason; and her husband being seated nearly in front of us, I could not help seeing his face whenever I lifted my eyes. His expression was far from being agreeable; but that was nothing strange. Perhaps, my eyes did not look at him through a right medium. So much in his favor, conjecturally.

While we were talking, their eldest child, a dear, affectionate little girl, with the sunshine of some six summers on her golden head, came in, with a bunch of flowers held loosely in her hand. There was a partly blown sulphur rose, exquisitely delicate in hue, half hid in saffron-yellow mimosa; around these she had arranged scarlet, white and pink verbenas; and here and there purple and yellow heartsease. Intermingled tastefully with all were delicately green leaves of the white jessamine.

Little Ella had gathered these flowers for her father, and arranged them with her own little hands, as an offering of love. She looked into his face as she held up the tiny bouquet, and said,

"I gather them for you, papa. Ain't they sweet?"

He looked at her in a cold, half absent way, and said, as coldly and absently,

"Flowers. Yes."

Then handing them back to her; or I might say, thrusting them back upon her, he added,

"Here, take them to your mother; she cares more about them than I do."

I saw a shadow fall over the child's face. Her eyes drooped a little; her lips were pressed together in a look of disappointment.

"No; keep them, papa. I got them all for you;" and she pushed back his hand.

In a careless way, Mr. Mason tossed the flowers into his wife's lap, saying, indifferently,

"You take them, Fanny."

And he leaned back in his chair, shut his eyes, and looked abstracted and unsympathizing.

Ella stole up quietly to her mother's side; lowered her arms upon her lap, and looked into her face. I saw a slight quiver on her lips.

"I got them for papa," she said, in a grieved whisper.

Dear loving child! How my heart warmed towards her, and pitied her. Disappointed love—love turned back—love repelled, whether in young or old, brings grievous heart-sickness. She was learning life's lesson for woman, too early.

"Never mind, darling," whispered her mother; "these flowers are very beautiful; how nicely they are arranged; I will keep them here." And she placed them in her bosom.

Ella raised her lips, and her mother kissed her tenderly. The child sat down on an ottoman by her mother's feet, and remained there

quietly for nearly ten minutes; then rising, she went to a table in the centre of the room, and taking up a book commenced looking over the pictures. She was soon so much interested in these, as to forget her late disappointment. Suddenly starting from the table, she ran to her father, with the open book in her hand, saying, with great earnestness,

"Oh, papa, papa! Look! What is that man doing?"

Mr. Mason didn't stir from his fixed position nor relax a muscle of his face.

"Look, papa. What is that man doing?" Told me."

Mr. Mason took the book in a very ungracious way. He was annoyed, and hadn't the self-command to hide it.

"What is it you want to know?" he said, in his growling manner.

"What is that man doing?" repeated Ella.

"Trying to catch the horse, I suppose," he answered, indifferently.

"Is the horse running away?"

"Don't you see that he's running?" said the father, in a tone meant to chide the little one for asking a foolish question.

"I know he's running, papa, but is he running away?"

"There! don't tease me!" Mr. Mason pushed the little girl away. "I can't answer your thousand-and-one silly questions."

Thus repulsed, Ella shrank away again from her father, the grieving signs of wounded love once more on her pure young face. It was as much as I could do to keep back a rebuking word. My woman's blood was rising to fever heat.

"What is it, darling?" said Mrs. Mason, holding out her hand to Ella. "Let me see."

"Tain't no matter now, mamma," returned Ella, shutting the book; "I don't want to know."

And she crept upon the sofa, and laying her head down with a sigh, shut her eyes. There was a tender sadness in her face that was touching to look upon.

"There's pausy," said Mrs. Mason, calling to Ella, after she had been lying for some time on the sofa.

"Where?"

The child started up, her face all alive again with pleasure.

"Don't you see her?"

"Oh, yes!" and in the next moment she had a large cat in her arms. The sunshine was back in her heart again.

Mr. Mason stirred in his chair a little uneasily. I looked towards him, and saw that his eyes were on the child, and that his face did not wear a pleasant expression.

"I wouldn't let her have that cat, Fanny," he said, after a little while. "I can't bear cats," and he glanced towards me.

Ella threw an anxious look upon her father.

"She'll scratch her as sure as the world," said Mr. Mason.

"No, she won't scratch her Ella!" and the little one hugged her pet fondly. "Poor pausy! Dear pausy!"

"It makes me creep all over to see a child and a cat. Do send it out of the room, Fanny! How can you suffer her to handle the thing!"

Mr. Mason was in earnest; and as his wife did not interfere, he started up from his chair, and reaching towards Ella, said,

"Here, give me that cat!" at the same time dragging it from her arms, and throwing it roughly from the room.

Ella stood perfectly still, her lips quivering.

"I'll have that cat hanged or drowned!" said Mr. Mason, in a threatening tone.

This was more than Ella could bear. A wild cry broke on the air.

"Come, none of that my little Miss!" ejaculated the father. "When I say yes or no, I'll have no screaming. Stop, this instant!" and he stamped with his foot, imperatively.

Ella choked, and sobbed, and caught her breath, and made every effort to repress the wildness of her grief; but her cries broke out fitfully in spite of the struggle.

"Hush, I say!" and Mr. Mason made a feint, as if he were going to start towards her.

Ella sobbed and choked again, and again broke out into a piercing cry. The mother now arose, and taking Ella in her arms, carried her from the room. I followed. It was some time before my friend succeeded in quieting the agitated child, and dispelling her fears. I felt very indignant, and said some things in my impulsive way, under cover of soothing the chase, soon passing the cub, who were making the most plaintive cries of distress. They were heard by the dam, but she gave no other heed to them than occasionally to hark for an instant, turn around, sit up on her posterior, and give a hasty look back; but as soon as she saw me following her, she invariably turned again, and redoubled her speed. I pursued about four miles, and fired four balls into her, before I succeeded in bringing her to the ground, and from the time I first saw her until her death-wound, notwithstanding I was often very close upon her heels, she never came to bay or made the slightest demonstration of resistance. Her sole purpose seemed to be to make her escape, leaving her cub in the most cowardly manner.

Upon three other different occasions I met the mountain bears, and once the cinnamon species, which is called the most formidable of all, and in none of these instances did they exhibit the slightest indication of anger or resistance, but invariably ran from me.

Such is my experience with this formidable monarch of the mountains. It is possible that if a man came suddenly upon the beast in a thicket, where it could have no previous warning, he might be attacked; but it is my opinion that if the bear gets the wind or sight of a man at any considerable distance, it will endeavor to get away as soon as possible. I am so fully impressed with this idea, that I shall hereafter hunt bear with a feeling of as much security as I would have in hunting the bull-fal.

MAKE THE NURSERY PLEASANT.—Have you a print, or plaster cast, or blossoming plant in the nursery, where your children spend most of their time? Never mind about your parlor, but is your nursery a cheerful place? Is there anything there upon the wall for little eyes to look at, and little minds to think about when they wake so early in the morning; or as they lounge about when a stormy day keeps them close prisoners? If not, see to it without delay. Don't say, "I can't afford it," one shilling—two shillings will do it; if you can spare a few shillings more so much the better. You know the effect a bright, cheerful apartment has upon yourself, even with all your mature resources for thought and pleasure; think then of the little children, reaching out their young thoughts like vine tendrils for something to twine about—something to lean on, something to grow to—in short, something to think and talk about. A blank, white wall is not suggestive or inspiring. Give the little nursery prisoners something bright to look at.

"Don't be too hard on Mr. Mason," said my mother. "It's only his way; but he has some good traits of character, and I think there are some kind places in his heart. He has been good to his sister, who married badly; almost supporting her family. He is generous to poor people, never refusing to give where there is actual need."

"But does it," I said, "as graciously as one throws a bone to a hungry dog. The bad way robs the act of half its merit. A favor done with an ungracious manner often makes it little less than an insult."

"I don't believe a word about his being kind-hearted," said I, to my mother, after finishing this relation of what I had seen and heard at our next door neighbor's. "He's hard and cold-hearted, but will put on this rough exterior sometimes. He wouldn't hurt a hair of the cat's head."

"I don't believe a word about his being kind-hearted," said I, to my mother, after finishing this relation of what I had seen and heard at our next door neighbor's. "He's hard and cold-hearted, but will put on this rough exterior sometimes. He wouldn't hurt a hair of the cat's head."

"I don't believe a word about his being kind-hearted," said I, to my mother, after finishing this relation of what I had seen and heard at our next door neighbor's. "He's hard and cold-hearted, but will put on this rough exterior sometimes. He wouldn't hurt a hair of the cat's head."

"We must take people as they are," remarked my mother, "and be thankful for the good that is in them. There are men of great severity of manner whose kindness lie in words, not deeds—whose smile is only from the teeth outwards. I prefer a little roughness to a sunny surface that merely conceals cold-hearted selfishness."

"Never mind, darling," whispered her mother; "these flowers are very beautiful; how nicely they are arranged; I will keep them here." And she placed them in her bosom.

"I got them for papa," she said, in a grieved whisper.

Dear loving child! How my heart warmed towards her, and pitied her. Disappointed love—love turned back—love repelled, whether in young or old, brings grievous heart-sickness. She was learning life's lesson for woman, too early.

"Never mind, darling," whispered her mother.

## A DUEL WITH SWORDS.

BY LIEUT. COLONEL H. R. ADDISON.

"Colonel Very, you well know that my friend is an Englishman, and unskilled in fencing, while the Count is celebrated for his proficiency."

"You will pardon me, I hope; but as such is the case, Monsieur Driffeld should not have challenged Monsieur de Montfort."

"Yes, yes; but—"

"Do not take offence; but we can admit no buts; we choose the sword."

"Is there no alternative?"

"None; unless, indeed, a retraction."

"Impossible."

"Then I have the honor to repeat, we choose the sword."

I was again about to remonstrate. Nay, I almost made up my mind to get into a towering passion at the sullen determination of Colonel Very, when my servant entered and placed a crumpled little note in my hand, marked "immediate." Apologising for doing so, I opened it and read:

"MY DEAR FRIEND—Major Horseley consents to act with you as second. I must beg of you privately to accept Montfort's offer should he propose to fight with swords. I flatter myself I am perfect master of the weapon; and so confident do I feel in my powers, that if this luckily occurs, I think, by disarming my adversary, I may end this affair without any loss of blood. Thine, in haste,

"DRIFFIELD."

I did not ever recollect feeling such a sudden relief. Colonel Very must, indeed, have remarked it, as I turned round, and with a smile, and in a somewhat exciting tone, addressed him:

"Be it as you wish, Colonel; though I still think we should have pistols; yet, as you so earnestly desire it, we consent to swords; but, being somewhat strange to me, bag of you to bring the weapons."

I really do believe that Colonel Very almost started at my sudden change of manner, but, concealing his surprise, he bowed himself out of his chair, and with a smile, and when the nobleman, to my great surprise, uttered a coarse imprecation, he burst out into a loud laugh, which so exasperated the experienced swordsman,

## OUR BABY QUEEN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
BY JULIA EUGENIA MOTT.

We have found her, our poor, tired darling,  
Nestled 'mid the soft, clever bloom;  
Rare, beautiful blossoms around her,  
The atmosphere faint with perfume.  
One wee, dimpled hand for a pillow,  
Her curls with the south wind at play,  
So she lies there, unconsciously smiling,  
Our fairy who came in the May.

The lids with their long, silken fringes,  
Are closed on her violet eyes;  
Whence the soul, yet unstrained, looketh dimly  
With questioning, eager surprise.  
The pink of her cheek abh and flushes,  
Uncertain to go or to stay;  
Oh, is she not lovely, our darling,  
Our beautiful child of the May?

White roses low bending above her,  
Have scattered their petals around;  
And the vine with its down of beauty,  
For her sake has dropped to the ground.  
Its bright scarlet trumpets are mingled  
With the gold of one tree blown astern;  
It is meet that their grace should ensnare him,  
Whom nature crowned queen of the May.

Our fairy, our bud, and our treasure;  
The sweetest of names are her own;  
And the mother's eye deepens with love light,  
Her voice takes a tenderer tone.

No queen could have subjects more loyal  
Than the true hearts which yield to her sway;  
She rules with the sceptre of weakness,  
Our beautiful child of the May.

Ah me, in the days that are coming,  
Our darling must stoop from her throne;  
The sceptre will slip from her fingers,  
While bearing and battling alone.

The thorns in her path may grow thickly,  
The thorns rise wither away;  
God knoweth what fate is before her,  
Our beautiful child of the May.

For a brief space alone will our darling  
Lay the robes of her sovereignty down;  
Only stern warfare, and conquest,  
Can win an unpeering crown.

Then for her, as for us, be the struggle,  
For her, and for us, be the sway;  
We shall find her, God willing, in heaven,  
Our beautiful child of the May.

May 23d, 1860.

## \$500 PRIZE STORY.

## DANESBURY HOUSE.

BY MRS. ELLEN WOOD,  
AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "THE  
RED COURT FARM," &c.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE DANESBURY OPERATIVES.

How got on Jessy Gould? We had better see. She would have got on very well but for the public houses; but Richard had learnt to like them much. When her friends consented to her marrying Richard Gould, they looked forward to the prospect of his rising to a good position in the establishment of Mr. Danesbury, otherwise they would not have considered him a suitable match for her. And as yet, Richard, though more comfortably off than many, was not advancing as quickly as he might have done. They had four or five children, who were kept as clean and neat as their mother.

It was half-past seven o'clock and Saturday night, and the bell rang at the Danesbury works for the men to go in and be paid. Though so large a number of them, the arrangements were well-ordered and systematic, and by eight o'clock most of them were ready to depart.

They passed into the yard, out at the great iron gates. A few proceeded to their homes, but the greater portion were hastening to the public-houses and beer shops. A group of eight or ten, Richard Gould being one, halted in consultation as to which house should be favored with their company, and finally it was decided to honor the Pig and Whistle, down by the new bridge.

"Ay; let's Jones said, last night, as they had got a famous tap on the Pig. Come along, Gould, what b' you stopping for?"

Richard Gould was hesitating. It occurred to his memory that he had promised Jessy to bring his wages home the minute he received them, for she said she wanted a few shillings for something particular, and told him what it was.

"I must step home first," said he. "I'll come after ye. My wife's waiting for some money."

"That's a shuffle, Gould. Your wife gets her marketings on credit on the Saturday mornings."

"It isn't marketings: it's something else. I promised I'd be home."

"Both! You don't go for to think as she'll trap you to-night. It's a pelting cat and dog. No woman won't leave her fireside to-night, except them as can't help it, and your wife ain't one. Come along."

Richard Gould yielded—an easy, good-natured soul he was, swayed with the wind—and away the lot went, through the rain and mud, to the Pig and Whistle.

The Pig and Whistle received them with due respect. It had got a blazing fire and a warm, light room to welcome them; and once encoined in it with their pipes and drink, they were as oblivious of homes, wives, children, and weekly marketings, as if such things existed not. A few, who "used" the house regularly, called for their scores, on entering, and settled up for the past seven days. The Pig and Whistle was a flourishing house now, for the workmen, who had for a long while been engaged erecting the new bridge in place of the dangerous old one, had patronized it extensively.

Meanwhile Richard Gould's wife was sitting at home, in all hope. They occupied one of the cottages in Prospect Row, neat dwellings of three rooms and a detached back kitchen; or, as it was called, in local phraseology, a brew-

house. The men inhabiting these cottages were all employed at the works; but there was a wide difference in their conduct, and consequently, in their houses. Some drank their wages away, and then huddled with their wives and families into the down-stair room and the brewhouse, letting the two upper ones. Some of the wives were slatternly, some tidy; but, as a general rule, though it did not apply in every instance, the slatternly wife and the drinking husband went together. Some made, of these cottages, complete, pleasant dwellings, converting the brewhouse into a kitchen for the rough work—the washing and cooking—and the front room into a parlor. Jessy Gould, smart and nice in all things, was one who had done the last, fitting it up with a carpet and glass, and pretty ornaments. Richard spent a great deal more in drink than he could afford, and this kept them poor; but Mrs. Gould's friends often helped them, so that they were better off than most of the workmen of his grade.

She sat at home in the parlor, busy at work finishing a child's frock, and expecting Richard. Her children were in bed, and a small sauceman stood on the hob by the fire, containing some Irish stew for his supper. She had bought her marketings in the day—it was her custom to do so, and to pay on the Monday. Too many a poor wife could not obtain even this short credit, and had to get in everything on the Saturday night, if her husband and his wages came home in time.

The clock struck nine, and Jessy Gould laid down her work with a sigh of despair.

"He is off with the men again! I am certain of it! He might have come home this night, when he knew what I wanted with the money." And her work went on again, but more heavily.

In the next cottage to theirs, lived a man of the name of Reed, an inferior workman. Reed was in tribulation more dire than Jessy's, and was audibly lamenting that this was Saturday night, and that Reed had gone a-drinking again. She knew to her cost, the propensity he had to "go a-drinking," not only on Saturday nights, but on others. The first step was to go after him, and try to get him home before he was too far gone, and half his week's money spent. She threw a shawl over her gown, put on her bonnet, blew out the candle, left the bit of fire safe, and opened the door. But she hesitated on the threshold, for the wind and the rain came beating against her, threatening to wet her through and through. Turning her thin cotton shawl over her arms, bared to the elbows, for she had been hard at work, she locked the door, took out the key, and knocked at Richard Gould's.

"Come in."

"Good-evening, Mrs. Gould. I'm come to ask you to let me leave my key here."

She left her patten at the door, and went in.

"Ain't it a shame!" she began. "Here's that drunken brute of mine never come home again! He's off, as usual, with the rest; and he knows I have not got bit or drop in the house for to-morrow, neither candles, nor coals, nor even a bit of soap, I hadn't, to wash the poor children with—so I had to put 'em to bed, dirty."

"Ay; it is a shame," said Mrs. Gould. "They are all alike, I think. My husband promised to come home, and he has never come. We are invited to Mr. Harding's to dinner to-morrow, children and all, and I want to buy new shoes for the two eldest, for I'm not going to take them there in their shabby old ones, which are off their feet, and Richard knows the new shoe-shop won't give an hour's dinner. The men are all alike."

"Who's to know whether I may trust you?" cried the landlady.

"I'll pay you, if I pawn the coat off Tailor's back. I swear it. There!"

The gin-and-water was supplied; and more after it; for landladies know that these drinking debts generally are settled; whether by the pledging of coats, or of any other article, is of no moment to them.

Mrs. Reed went forth from the public-house with the five shillings in her hand, but the clocks had then struck eleven, and the shops were closed. On her way up the street, she encountered many women going on the same errand that she had been. Some, now it was too late to buy what they wanted, were returning home; others were pacing before the public-house doors on that pitiless night, hungrily waiting for their inhuman husbands, not daring to leave them to get home alone, in the state in which they knew they would be. Inhuman! kind and civil if they would but keep sober.

Jessy had finished her work, and she sat with the Bible before her, when Mrs. Reed once more entered. She closed the book.

"Well," said she, "have you found him?"

"Yes; when eleven o'clock had gone. He's down at the Pig and Whistle, there's a tap-room full of 'em, an' he'll come home drunk, for he's pretty far gone towards it now. Look here!"

She stretched out her hand and exhibited the five shillings.

"He gave me that—and we want everything! I wonder a judgment don't overtake the beer houses, I do. Look at the state I'm in!"

"Poor thing! she was indeed in a comfortable state. Wet, as if she had been in a pool of water."

"There's that unfortunate Nance Tailor had again. She came after Tailor to the Pig, and a fine row there was, for both of 'em was in it. The landlord put her out, and she went screeching and blaspheming up to the Brown Bear, and there she'll stop till it shuts up."

"She'll drink herself to death, that woman will!"

"She has had enough to drive her on to it, like some of the rest of us. Your husband's not come home, for I saw him in the tap-room down there at the Pig. I'm sure it's all enough to wear the life's hope out of one. It's well that you can sit there so calm, and read that good book. I am never in the frame of mind for it."

"The more crosses we have, the more we ought to go to it, for it is in trouble that we find its comfort," mumbled Mrs. Gould. "I have taught Richard to care for it a little.—He did not when we married, and I think it is that which has kept him steadier than some."

always put him in one, though he was a civil man when quite sober.

"What do you want, a-comin' hunting after me?" he exclaimed, with a scowl.

"What do I want?" she retorted, "why money, for one thing. You know the house is empty. Coals, and candles, and bread, and tea, and potatoes, and soap, and salt, and meat!"

He stopped her with an oath, threw down five shillings, and told her to go along, and get the things.

"What is the use of five shillings?" she asked, pushing it back. But he buttoned up his breeches pockets, and told her she might take that, or none.

"Won't you come home with me?" she resumed, not choosing to argue the matter.

Home with her? was the answer. A pretty piece of impudence she must be, to ask that.

He went back to the company and the tap-room, as he spoke, and she, in a tone between scolding and crying, called out that he must be a good-for-nothing brute, to keep her tramping about after him, on such a cruel night.

Before she had time to quit the hospitable door of the Pig and Whistle, a slatternly woman, with a red face and bold aspect, dashed into it, the rain dripping off her.

"Is he here?" she demanded, her breath redolent of spirits, and her voice unsteady.

The landlord's answer was a movement of his thumb in the direction of the tap room. She was passing towards it with a fierce step, but he interposed and stopped her.

"None of that, Dame Tailor. You can't go in there, to make a row; we know you of old. If you want him, I'll fetch him out."

"Fetch him out then, and be quick about it."

This woman and her husband lived in a room in the town—one room. They might have done so well, for he was a clever workman, and was drinking with his base, always had been, from a young man, and drink was now hers. She was a smart, well-conducted, tidy young woman once, and she made him a well-conducted wife. Yes, she was; even that virago, with her offensive words, and her black hair hanging about her face. But his confirmed ill courses soured her temper and broke her spirit. Her children, born to rage and wretchedness, died off as they came, dying principally of hunger. Cold, weary, and sick at heart, she used to go hunting after him, as Mrs. Reed has just done after her husband, and he would meet her with abuse, insult, and at last with blows. All the good that was in her was thrown back upon her heart; madened and despairing, she learned to fly to the same source to drown her sorrow, and soon she became as confirmed a drinker as he was.

Poor Mrs. Reed had gone into her comfortable home, shivering and miserable. Yet she did not dare to crack up the fire, for the lump of coal on it was the last bit she had in the house, and she must keep it to boil the kettle in the morning, while she went out. A bitter feeling, a mixture of indignation and despair, stole over her heart, as she sat there waiting for her husband; despair at her unhappy misery, and indignation against public houses in general, and her husband in particular. Her thoughts flew back to the time when she was a pretty young woman, the child of respectable, industrious parents, without a care upon her, and looking forward to a hopeful future.

"Oh, that I had never married!" she aspirated, "that I could again be as I once have been!"

The tower clock tolled twelve, and those agents of much misery, the public houses, closed for the night. Other nights the closing hour was eleven; Saturday, twelve. Why so? That the men, when they had money in their pockets, might enjoy increased facility of spending it? Let those answer who made the law. At three-quarters past twelve—it took him that time to reach home—Reed tumbled in, awfully abusive, especially at there being no fire and no supper; and, in spite of his wife's remonstrances, he managed to steady himself so as to crack up the coal, and start it into a blaze. In vain she tried to get him to bed: he lighted his pipe, and savagely ordered her to go out and buy beer, being with difficulty made to understand that the taps were closed for the night. He would sit on, and he did; now dozing, now taking a few whiffs at the pipe, and now breaking out into half-connected sentences of abuse. She poor, weary woman, was obliged to sit with him: left to himself, he might get burnt, or set the house on fire: not only for that—he would not permit her to go; he never did, when he was in that state. At four o'clock, he condescended to retire, she undressing him.

Before she seemed to have closed her eyes, the children were awake and noisy, as children do. Fatigued and unrefreshed, she got up, lying on, like a child; and, telling her children to be still in bed, for their father was not well, she prepared to go out. But first of all, she looked into her husband's pockets, painfully anxious as to the amount she might find there. His wages were fifteen shillings a week; it has been said that he was only an inferior workman; and she hunted out six-and-seventeen-halfpenny. With a sensation of despair, she examined on, but there was no more. Three and fourpence-halfpenny gone in one night! She put it back, and wrung her hands.

Before she seemed to have closed her eyes, the children were awake and noisy, as children do. Fatigued and unrefreshed, she got up, lying on, like a child; and, telling her children to be still in bed, for their father was not well, she prepared to go out. But first of all, she looked into her husband's pockets, painfully anxious as to the amount she might find there. His wages were fifteen shillings a week; it has been said that he was only an inferior workman; and she hunted out six-and-seventeen-halfpenny. With a sensation of despair, she examined on, but there was no more. Three and fourpence-halfpenny gone in one night! She put it back, and wrung her hands.

Father got drunk last night, I know," whispered the eldest child to the rest, as soon as his mother's back was turned. "It was night. He was drunk last night, I know."

"Well," said she, "have you found him?"

"Yes; when eleven o'clock had gone. He's down at the Pig and Whistle, there's a tap-room full of 'em, an' he'll come home drunk, for he's pretty far gone towards it now. Look here!"

She stretched out her hand and exhibited the five shillings.

"He gave me that—and we want everything! I wonder a judgment don't overtake the beer houses, I do. Look at the state I'm in!"

"Poor thing! she was indeed in a comfortable state. Wet, as if she had been in a pool of water."

"There's that unfortunate Nance Tailor had again. She came after Tailor to the Pig, and a fine row there was, for both of 'em was in it. The landlord put her out, and she went screeching and blaspheming up to the Brown Bear, and there she'll stop till it shuts up."

"She'll drink herself to death, that woman will!"

"She has had enough to drive her on to it, like some of the rest of us. Your husband's not come home, for I saw him in the tap-room down there at the Pig. I'm sure it's all enough to wear the life's hope out of one. It's well that you can sit there so calm, and read that good book."

"Father got drunk last night, I know," whispered the eldest child to the rest, as soon as his mother's back was turned. "It was night. He was drunk last night, I know."

"Well," said she, "have you found him?"

"Yes; when eleven o'clock had gone. He's down at the Pig and Whistle, there's a tap-room full of 'em, an' he'll come home drunk, for he's pretty far gone towards it now. Look here!"

She stretched out her hand and exhibited the five shillings.

"He gave me that—and we want everything! I wonder a judgment don't overtake the beer houses, I do. Look at the state I'm in!"

"Poor thing! she was indeed in a comfortable state. Wet, as if she had been in a pool of water."

"There's that unfortunate Nance Tailor had again. She came after Tailor to the Pig, and a fine row there was, for both of 'em was in it. The landlord put her out, and she went screeching and blaspheming up to the Brown Bear, and there she'll stop till it shuts up."

"She'll drink herself to death, that woman will!"

"She has had enough to drive her on to it, like some of the rest of us. Your husband's not come home, for I saw him in the tap-room down there at the Pig. I'm sure it's all enough to wear the life's hope out of one. It's well that you can sit there so calm, and read that good book."

Robert was silent. He would have preferred not to say where. But he knew there might be no trifling when that brought face to face with his father.

"I was dreadfully thirsty; I suppose it was the fish at dinner; and I got a drop."

"Where did you get it?" repeated Mr. Danesbury.

"In a hotel shop."

"Beer, wine, and cider! no wonder Fox had the complaint to make," said Mr. Danesbury, in a severe tone, whilst Isabel had looked up, startled. "I will speak to you about this when we are alone, Robert. Go on to what you did for Fox."

"We did nothing. I just got over his hedge, and there was a big tablecloth, or something, spread out there, like a sail, and it got torn. Fox said we should pay for it; and I said I should not, for his insolence."

"But what brought you getting over his hedge at all?"

"It was in our way," haughtily answered Robert, "and we were in a hurry."

"What is that you are saying?" interrupted Mr. Danesbury. "Whatever may be your hurry, you have no right to go, broadcast, over other people's land and hedges."

"The land is ours, papa."

"No, sir, it is his. So long as he hires it from me, and pays me rent for it, it is his. I have always found Fox a civil, respectful man, and I know you must have provoked him most unmercifully to induce him to be otherwise. The fact is, as I have been telling your mamma, you must be idle no longer. Now that it is decided you do not go to school again, you must choose what you will be. I should prefer your both coming to the Works; there is room for all of you; yes," added Mr. Danesbury, with emphasis, "room for all four of my sons, and an ample and increasing income."

Robert Danesbury turned up his nose. The two boys had been to a noted aristocratic private school, where they had learnt thoroughly to despise "business." Robert had told his mamma that he should never "sell his hands with it" and she upheld him.

"I intend to go into the army, papa."

"And I want to be a doctor," cried Lionel, who was a good-natured, pleasant, nice lad.

"Anything but that, Robert," said Mr. Danesbury. "Choose anything but that."

The question was not settled that evening; nor for several evenings after it. Robert Danesbury was thoroughly obstinate over it; he laughed contemptuously in his sleeve at his father's arguments about leading a useful life; he was bent on obtaining his own will, and at last he said—ay, and told Mr. Danesbury—that if he could not have a commission bought, he would enlist, for go into the army he would.

Mrs. Danesbury's system of training had begun to tell. It was working already in Robert Danesbury's undutifully refusing to yield his wishes to his father's; in his persistency in embracing the one only calling that was especially distasteful to Mr. Danesbury. Why was Robert Danesbury so eager to enter the army? That he might serve his country? Not at all; but he had acquired a passion for a red coat, and for a life of pleasure and idleness.

One day he ran up to his oldest brother, Arthur, I wish you would persuade papa about my commission. He will listen to you. Mamma says she has teased till she is tired. He consented readily to Lionel's being a physician, and just because I want my commission, he won't give it me. Will you persuade him?"

"No, I cannot, Robert. I do not like the army for you, any more than he does. Choose something else. Would you like to be a barrister, as Tom Serle is going to be?"

"I will not be anything but an officer," returned Robert, sullenly. "my mind is made up, and nothing shall turn it. You are as unkind as you can be, Arthur."

Arthur laughed, and looked full in his face, and the cloud passed away from Robert's as he met the kindly gaze. He knew there were not many brothers in the world so good and affectionate as Arthur had ever been.

"Won't you persuade papa?"

"No, my boy. I could only do so against my conscience and my judgment; for I do not believe a commission would conduce to your happiness or welfare."

But Robert Danesbury, helped by his mother, carried his point, and Mr. Danesbury, under sore protest, at length consented to apply to the Horse Guards for the purchase of a commission. Lionel was placed with Mr. Pratt, the surgeon at Eastborrough, to go through the necessary steps and grades towards becoming eventually a physician. It was arranged that he should pass his evenings and nights at home. Mr. Danesbury and Mr. Pratt were close friends, and the latter was pleased to receive Lionel. He was a man of sorrow, though he maintained outward cheerfulness. It arose from the conduct of his son: he had but one, who was turning out as badly as he could well do. He was never now seen at Eastborrough, but was sometimes heard of in London.

Mrs. Philip Danesbury's nieces arrived, Mary and Anna Heber, the one grown up, the other several years younger. They were refined, gentle, good girls. Mrs. Philip Danesbury had said "admirable," and she had not said too much. Their beauty was the least part of them, though that was rare, and their calm, open, expressive countenances were an index to the well-disciplined mind within. They were the well-trained daughters of a sincere minister of religion. Danesbury House fell in love with them at first sight; with the exception of his mistress.

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### VISCOUNT TEMPLE.

Gay doings were expected in Bedford Row, in the house of Mr. Serle, for his eldest daughter, Charlotte, was about to be married to Walter St. George. The latter was now a partner, the firm being Serle and St. George. There were several years' difference between his age and Charlotte's, but the attachment had begun in her childhood. Miss Danesbury was there on a visit; she was to be one of the bridesmaids. It was the evening of a grand dinner party. The young ladies were up stairs, dressing, and Mrs. Serle was about to go up for the same

purpose. She was a bustling manager, liked looking into things herself, had been very busy, and put off dressing till the last minute. She had a lot of silver forks in her hands, which she was about to take to the servants in the dining-parlour, but had stepped into the drawing-room first, for something she wanted there. Mr. Serle came running up from the office, all in a hurry.

"Harriet, can you make room for another at dinner?"

"What an unreasonable question!" ejaculated Mrs. Serle, after a pause of surprise. "Of course I cannot."

"It must be done, somehow," returned her husband.

"It can't be done. I never heard of such a thing. We are just a dozen. Who wants to come?"

"One of our best clients. Lord Temple."

Mrs. Serle was considerably mollified. Lords were not common articles on her visiting list.

"He has been getting into a scrape," proposed Mr. Serle. "He is always getting into scrapes; like his father before him. And he has come to me to get him out of it."

"But is that any reason why you should ask him to dinner to-day? The table will only hold twelve, comfortably."

"There are ways out against him," said Mr. Serle, dropping his voice to a whisper, "and he dare not show his face in the street. The house is being watched now for him, and if he stirs out, he'll be arrested. Here he is, safely housed, and here he must stop till the thing is settled. I have told him we will give him a bed; and to-morrow he must remain quietly up stairs with you and the girls, and not come in view of the office. It will be utter ruin to him if he gets taken, and not much less so, if these Jews scent his hiding place."

"It is very awkward about the table," remonstrated Mrs. Serle, returning to the practical part of the affair, "otherwise I should be proud to have him. The sets of glass are only for twelve, and the dessert knives and forks—"

"Who looks at the pattern of a glass?" interrupted the lawyer. "And I assure you need not put me a dessert knife and fork, for I never use them."

"The table will be so crowded, and—oh! who should be thirteen? It is the unlucky number."

"Unlucky fiddlestick!" retorted Mr. Serle, who was growing provoked. "Just tell me what I am to do, will you? There's Lord Temple down stairs, shut up in my private room, and in the house he must remain. Would you keep him there while we dine, and send him a mutton chop upon a tray? Is that how you would treat a British nobleman?"

"Well, then, he must dine with us," concluded Mrs. Serle, balancing her exultation at showing off a real live lord to her guests, against the inconveniences it would cause, and her dread of the popular superstition. "Is he old or young?"

"Young. What has that to do with it?"

"I wonder whether I could coax Louisa not to come in till dessert," continued Mrs. Serle.

"Of course you can," returned he. "That will do. Wait a minute."

"She is not so easily coaxed, though, and she has been with us over this dinner party, Mr. Matthew!"

"What now?" asked he, turning back.

"I declare we have but twelve finger glasses!"

"The dickens take the finger-glasses," cried the vexed lawyer; "put me a slop basin."

"Wait there, I say."

"Stop basin, indeed! that's just said to aggravate me. And what am I to wait here for? I shall have the people arrive before I am ready. If I don't believe he is bringing the lord up now, and I this figure! Well, of all the idiots—"

Mrs. Serle stopped, for the footsteps were close and she strove to thrust the fork into her pocket, but they got entangled with her dress, and would not go in. She was fain to make the best of it, and held them out before her, very consciously wishing Mr. Serle at York.

"Mrs. Serle! Lord Temple."

A tall, slender young man of distinguished bearing entered; a very aristocrat. His face was pale, and his features were almost delicately beautiful; his hair was dark and his eyes were grey.

"What apology must I make for intruding upon you in this unceremonious manner?" he said, in a voice as pleasing as his air was frank. "Mr. Serle has been so kind as to say he will give me a bed to-night."

"I am most happy to see your lordship. I hope you will be able to make yourself at home with us; we are only plain people," was Mrs. Serle's confused reply, as she escaped from the room with the refractory forks.

Mr. Serle, apologising, also left it, and the Viscount remained alone. He sat, tilting his chair, and stretching and yawning; the scrape he was in gave him some little concern, and he was sure this incarceration in his lawyer's house would prove "deuced slow." He had given his seat an extra tilt, and was in imminent danger of pitching over backwards, when the door opened, and a most beautiful girl appeared, quite as distinguished-looking as himself, her pink dress of rich and flowing material, and her necklace and bracelets of pearl.

Up rose Lord Temple, the finished gentleman. The young lady hesitated. He was a stranger, and she had believed the drawing-room to be empty.

"Allow me to give you a chair," he said.

"I have the honor of speaking to Miss Serle!"

"No," she replied. "I am Miss Danesbury."

Charlotte Serle came in, and was soon followed by Louisa; for Louisa had declined her mamma's suggestion, of coming in with the dessert. The Viscount scanned the dresses of the three, and suspected company. The next to appear was Mr. Serle, in orthodox dinner costume. Lord Temple looked down at his own frock coat, and drew Mr. Serle outside the door.

"Have you visitors to day?"

"Only a few, my lord."

"Then what am I to do? I am in morning dress. You said I should be quite as feasible."

"For a day or two. Serle and St. George

"Your lordship's dress is all-sufficient. We do not stand upon ceremony in our house, or our visitors either. They will not look at your coat, my lord, after a pause of surprise."

Mr. Serle spoke the last sentence in a joking tone; but he was always obsequious to rank to be so was innate with him.

"Well—if Mr. Serle will excuse it. I must wash my hands, and be obliged to you for comb and brush, and such things. There is no time to send to my house."

"I will show your lordship to your room. It is ready."

"Who is that gentleman?" inquired Isabel Danesbury.

"Don't know him from Adam," was the response of Charlotte Serle.

"He is a stranger," resumed Isabel, "for he addressed me as Miss Serle."

"I never saw him before. He has on a curious dress, if he is come to dinner. But he is evidently a gentleman."

"It is some grand client of papa's," interposed Louisa Serle. "Mamma came to me, all in a flurry, when I was in the nursery, drying my hair dress, and wanted me not to go down to dinner. The idea! Some important client had dropped in, she said, and papa had asked him to dinner, and she did not like to have the table in a squeeze, and would not sit down thirteen. I told her there would be no squeezing at all, but plenty of room, and this teen was as lucky as twelve. So I finished dressing and came down."

"I liked his appearance very much," remarked Isabel.

"What is his name, Louy?" asked Charlotte.

"I forgot. He is out of the common way. A duke, or a prince, or a something; at any rate, a nobleman."

Charlotte laughed.

"Louisa is rather given to romancing, I am. We never have noblemen here."

As she was speaking, Mr. St. George entered.

"A little man with a thin face, and keen,

expressive, dark eyes."

"Walter," said his bride elect, "who is this client, come unexpectedly to dine with us?"

"Viscount Temple."

"A viscount! Louy's tale was not all romance, then."

The guests assembled. When dinner was announced, Lord Temple, who ought, in right of his rank, to have taken Mrs. Serle, drew back in all the humility of his frock-coat, and she was handed in by a big and burly Queen's-counsel. The viscount looked amongst the young ladies, and offered his hand to Isabel.

So they sat together and conversed together, mutually pleased. Opposite to Isabel was her brother William, a remarkably handsome young man, though not quite so tall as Arthur. He had inherited his mother's soft dark eyes, and her beautiful cast of countenance, he had even her delicately formed lips; but while hers had spoken of firmness, William's were silent.

"Tell me who all these people are," whispered Lord Temple to Isabel.

"I do not know the strangers," she replied.

"Only the Serles, Mr. St. George, and my brother. That is my brother, sitting opposite to me."

"A Mr. Serle, is he?"

"No," laughed Isabel, "I told you I was Miss Danesbury. He is William Danesbury."

"I really beg your pardon. Thrown amidst so many strange people at once, it has made me confuse names. St. George is to marry one of the Serles, is he not?"

"Yes; the one with the dark hair, sitting next to him."

"You do not reside here?"

"I reside at Eastborrough."

"Eastborrough!"—spoke Lord Temple, halting to himself—"Danesbury! Eastborrough! why, you must be related to Arthur Danesbury!"

"He is my dear brother," answered Isabel.

"If we were not in a crowd, I should take both your hands and cordially shake them," exclaimed Lord Temple, his face, his eyes, his whole countenance lighting up with animation; "whatever you might think of me, I could not help doing it for Arthur's sake."

"He is good to every one," said Isabel.

"I am so glad to have met you," continued Lord Temple, "I have not seen Danesbury since we parted at Cambridge, though he was at the university, and we often met on the point of my visits, as I and Walter are, you could not have become wrapped up in each other."

"A great deal less, before you all, had we been on the point of marriage," merrily laughed Isabel.

"But we really did not seem unlike friends, meeting after an absence, though I never saw him till this evening. Before we had spoken many words, he discovered that I was Arthur Danesbury's sister; and I, that he was the Reginald Dacre of Arthur's college days. They were close friends at Cambridge; Lord Temple says he never had so true a mate."

"He is good to every one," said Isabel.

"Reginald Dacre is no other than my unworthy self. Very unworthy indeed, Miss Danesbury, if you know all Arthur could tell you. He was a true friend to me, and saved me from many a pit-fall. 'My good guardian,' I used to call him; and such he was."

Isabel reflected.

"I do not remember that I have," she answered.

"Your name appeared strange to me, when it was mentioned this evening."

"Oh—was it not Lord Temple then? My father was alive. I was Mr. Dacre."

"Never you can be Reginald Dacre!" uttered Isabel.

"Reginald Dacre is no other than my unworthy self. Very unworthy indeed, Miss Danesbury, if you know all Arthur could tell you. He was a true friend to me, and saved me from many a pit-fall. 'My good guardian,' I used

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, JUNE 16, 1866.

## NEWS ITEM.

A more magnificent cave has been discovered in El Dorado county, California. Several large rooms were found in it, several hundred feet in length by nearly as many broad, and a lake, the extent of which is as yet unknown. The floor, as well as stalactites, are all of a beautiful white crystallized marble.

**COCK FIGHT IN WASHINGTON.**—*HAROLD LIFE.*—From the last number of Porter's Spirit of the Times, we learn that a certain class of the Washington population take a great deal of interest in a cock fight that is to take place on the 10th inst. The stakes are \$500 and \$1,000. The combatants on the occasion will be no others than "General Concha," a red cock of the Spanish breed, belonging to the Hon. John H. Floyd, Secretary of War, and "General Ortega," a Spanish cock, belonging to the Hon. John C. Breckinridge, Vice President. It is believed that this cock fight will draw the largest concourse of ladies and gentlemen that ever assembled at a part of this sort in the United States.

The "Unitary Household," a sort of socialistic—if not Free Love—institution, which has been in existence several years past in the upper portion of New York, under the supervision of one of the attaches of the Tribune, has collapsed, and it is presumed nobody is sorry.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

**WHAT'S IN A NAME?**—It is a little remarkable that the last syllable [ham] of Abraham Lincoln's first name, and the first syllable [lin] of his last name, when put together, make the name of his associate on the ticket for Vice President—Hamlin. Again, take the first three letters [ham] of Hamlin's name, and combine them with the first three letters [lin] of Lincoln's name, and you have Hamlin; and take the last syllable [lin] of Hamlin's name, and the last syllable [coin] of Lincoln's name, and you have Lincoln.

The tornado which visited eastern Iowa and northwestern Illinois on Sunday night, was even more destructive than at first reported. At Camanche 55 persons were killed, 125 wounded, and 10 are missing; at Union Grove 17; at Mechanicsville 16, and New Lisbon 16, making in all 131 killed, 125 wounded, and 10 missing. At Lisbon a train of ten heavily laden freight cars were lifted bodily from a railroad track and dashed to pieces.

He turned round yes. Later, he went into the seat; on the covered viands on his hands dropped in, one of same bearing as those curmudgeon. What he turned round again not: ne'er an impetuosity? A glass and soda servant sup for anything; horses were go for a long, on their haunches, of them, but they called for one roadside club for a the betting-wig in the park. After hour, and various evasions, and after

anything. He awoke.

What he turned round again not: ne'er an impetuosity? A glass and soda servant sup for anything; horses were go for a long, on their haunches, of them, but they called for one roadside club for a the betting-wig in the park. After hour, and various evasions, and after

anything. He awoke.

"STARTING THE CIRCLE."—This wonderful secret has been discovered at last. The Virginia Chronicle, published at Orange Court-house, says: "Our fellow citizen, Thomas Board, has received a patent for an auger to bore a square hole, which is a most ingenious and useful invention. It bores with great exactness and certainty, and can be worked with as much ease as the auger for boring round holes."

There are rumors of the pluto-pneumonia having appeared among the cattle in this state, but there is reason to believe it is merely one of the usual diseases to which cattle are liable.

COMPLAINTS are made in France of the mode in which the duty on French wines imported into England is imposed, reckoning on the proportion of alcohol. Bordeaux wines will pay half less duty than Burgundy wines, and Burgundy will be sacrificed. The coarse strong wines, shipped in such large quantities at Côte, will pay in England five per cent. more duty than the most expensive Bordeaux wines. The Chamber of Commerce have, it is said, convinced the Emperor of the impossibility of equitably taxing wines in England, according to their alcoholic strength.

At the ball recently given by the Empress Eugenie, at the Hotel d'Albe, the generality of the toilettes were a complete undersize; shoulder stays and sleeves were discarded, and in most cases replaced by a string of precious stones lightly holding together the scanty draperies of the corsage, which left exposed the bust and shoulders.

**CURIOUS STATEMENT.**—Judge Halliburton, (Sam Slick) in a speech in Parliament in relation to the Baltic timber duties, complained of the supercilious conduct of the English officials, and cited as an instance, that the Canadians, wishing to compliment the Governor General, requested him to name four new townships. The Governor in turn complimented his wife by asking her to name them. She promptly gave them the names of her lap-dogs, Tiny, Floss, Emily and Ope.

PRINCE DE JOINVILLE, now in this country, denounces the statement made by "the Dauphin," Eleazar Williams, that he (Joinville) imparted to Williams the information that the latter was a Bourbon—as unqualifiedly false. It is well, even though late, to have this windbag of pretence pricked with a pin of truth. Perhaps this settles the question of whether "we had a Bourbon among us" before Indian Williams died.

A SHOMAKER of Cleveland entered the store of his employer a few mornings since, and requested a settlement of his accounts, as he was about to leave the city forthwith. On being asked the cause of his sudden departure, he stated that during the night his wife had borne him twins. He said he had no objection to such an event once, but his wife had "played the same game before, and he wouldn't live with a woman that served him so." That night he absconded, and has been no more seen.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.—Two little girls, the daughters of the Rev. R. Shears, of Stockton, were crossing the railway near that place, when a train came up, the driver of which did not observe the children till he was within twenty yards of them. He did all he could to stop the engine, but as the children were crossing both, throwing the older girl outside and the younger one inside the rails, where she lay stunned until the train passed safely over her. With the exception of a slight bruise or two, neither of them was much injured.

A SPLENDID SIGHT.—The Illinois Central Railroad, at a town called Mattoon, is crossed by the Terre Haute and Altoona Railroad. Every day, at about 2 P.M., is seen at this point one of the most splendid effects of the triumph of mind over space and matter that can be witnessed anywhere. It is that of four trains coming from four different directions, arriving at this point at the same time to a second, every day. They can be seen as they approach for ten miles in each direction, the prairies being a smooth, broad expanse, stretching away to the horizon without any inequalities to obstruct the sight. As they arrive they approach their car catchers within twelve feet of each other, as though exchanging salutes, when gracefully halting, as though bowing in adieu, two of the trains go on the switchets, while the other two sweep away over the iron-bound prairie. The other trains are then set go on the main tracks again, and they are off and away.

RELIABLE ESTIMATES show that 11,000 wagons passed Plum Creek on their way to Pike's Peak this spring, up to the first of May. Estimating four persons to a wagon, the total emigration to the new gold region the present spring would be 44,000. The population of Ireland, is also pronounced unfounded by the

Death of a WELL-KNOWN CITIZEN.—On Thursday, the 7th, Mr. George W. Carpenter, of the firm of Carpenter, Henney & Co., druggists, died at Germantown, in the fifty-eighth year of his age. The deceased had been in ill health for several years; but the immediate cause of his death was apoplexy. He was possessed of a very large estate.

**TO MATERS AS FOOD FOR COWS.**—A farmer of Prairie Ridge, Iowa, feeds his cows on tomatoes, green, ripe, and when dried out after freezing, and finds the milk greatly improved in quantity and quality.

**BOARD OF HEALTH.**—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 176—Adults 78, and children 98.

**THE PREVAILING CATTLE DISTEMPER.**—The "pleur pneumonia," or cattle distemper, which originated in Massachusetts, and caused much consternation and alarm among farmers and cattle breeders, has developed itself in New Jersey. In all the cases examined, the ravages were confined to the respiratory organs; in some cases the right and in others the left lung had been the seat of the disease, and in every one involving the whole mass, along with its covering, and extending from it to the lining membrane of the ribs. The appearance of the bronchial tubes gave evidence of participation in the disease from extension to them, from the substance of the lung, disorganization of structure being found alone in the lungs and coverings.

**SYRUP OF THE DISEASE.**—Loss of appetite,

swelling of the head, and, as the disease pro-

gresses, an extension of the head—bright

watery eye, mouth dry, brain hot—breathing

quick, with more or less agitation of the flanks

and an occasional cough, always dry; more

or less thirst; horns and ears hot. The quick

and occasional cough, coupled with great

prostration of strength, more particularly mark

the progress of the disease. The ear applied

to the side of the animal readily detects the

impediment to a free circulation of air through

the lungs, from the violent congestion that

exists.

**ASTROPOE.**—Burn tar freely in the barns or

sheds two or three times a day, and let the

cattle inhale it, but not too close; let them lap

freely of salt every other day, dissolve chloride

of potassium in water, wash their nostrils and

mouth, and rub them all over with a coarse

bath wash in the same; sprinkle chloride of

potassium on the stable; give the cattle

a few onions if they can be procured, and

plenty of sound vegetables and fresh grass and

water, no hay if it can be avoided.

Physicians assert that the disease is one of

exhaustion, and analogous to the typhoid pneu-

monia which occasionally prevails epidemically

among the human race.

**MYSTERY BELL RINGING.**—The Providence

(R. I.) Journal gives an account of a case of

mysterious bell ringing in that city. The ring-

ing commenced on Thursday evening, and con-

tinned at intervals for some three hours. So

curiously did the ringing become, that the wire of

one bell was detached, and the other bell would

not ring unless by being completely enveloped in

a napkin. The phenomenon was witnessed by

several persons, who thoroughly examined

every part of the bell apparatus, but could dis-

cover no cause which tended to throw any

light upon the occurrence. One gentleman

present took hold of the knob and held it firmly. He says there was much force exerted to move the knob while he held it, and that he distinctly felt a power attempting to pull it. As soon as he let go, the bell would begin to move, and was rapidly backward and forward, as though some one pulled and then suddenly let go. He held the knob several times, and in every instance with the same result. At the same time the bell would ring by a movement communicated to the wire between the first and second director. One gentleman present, attempted to seize the wire, but as soon as his hand approached it the ringing would cease, and the other bell would commence ringing. Suddenly turning to seize the ring, it would stop, and the first com- mence ringing. He tried this repeatedly, and in every instance the motion would cease in the one and commence in the other. The same was true of other parties. For a fortnight the little girl, who usually answers the bell, has been to the door and found no one there, and within two or three days has been seen several times at the anger for boring round holes.

ONE OF THE MAXES.—Tennyson's hero, Lord Cardigan, who commanded and led the famous Light Brigade of Cavalry at Balaclava, may now be seen every sunny afternoon in Hyde Park, London, with his latest victim the present Lady Cardigan, leaning on his arm.

THROUGH APPLES.—So far as I am aware, the

firm of Apples, in the garden of aristocratic

English beauty, is the third plucked from that

branch which was born in 1864.

PROVISIONS.—There is very little doing owing

to the firmness of holders, and the market

is still in a small way at \$18.50 (\$18.75)

for extra, and \$17.50 (\$17.75) for mixed.

RAILROAD.—The little inquiry for Quercetown, and about 50 miles west, mostly in small lots, at \$29 for 100 ft. No. 10 for the latter rate.

BARK.—The little inquiry for Quercetown, and about 50 miles west, mostly in small lots, at \$29 for 100 ft. No. 10 for the latter rate.

IRON.—The little inquiry for Chestnut Oak, and about 50 miles west, mostly in small lots, at \$29 for 100 ft. No. 10 for the latter rate.

IRON.—The little inquiry for Chestnut Oak, and about 50 miles west, mostly in small lots, at \$29 for 100 ft. No. 10 for the latter rate.

IRON.—The little inquiry for Chestnut Oak, and about 50 miles west, mostly in small lots, at \$29 for 100 ft. No. 10 for the latter rate.

IRON.—The little inquiry for Chestnut Oak, and about 50 miles west, mostly in small lots, at \$29 for 100 ft. No. 10 for the latter rate.

IRON.—The little inquiry for Chestnut Oak, and about 50 miles west, mostly in small lots, at \$29 for 100 ft. No. 10 for the latter rate.

IRON.—The little inquiry for Chestnut Oak, and about 50 miles west, mostly in small lots, at \$29 for 100 ft. No. 10 for the latter rate.

IRON.—The little inquiry for Chestnut Oak, and about 50 miles west, mostly in small lots, at \$29 for 100 ft. No. 10 for the latter rate.

IRON.—The little inquiry for Chestnut Oak, and about 50 miles west, mostly in small lots, at \$29 for 100 ft. No. 10 for the latter rate.

IRON.—The little inquiry for Chestnut Oak, and about 50 miles west, mostly in small lots, at \$29 for 100 ft. No. 10 for the latter rate.

IRON.—The little inquiry for Chestnut Oak, and about 50 miles west, mostly in small lots, at \$29 for 100 ft. No. 10 for the latter rate.

IRON.—The little inquiry for Chestnut Oak, and about 50 miles west, mostly in small lots, at \$29 for 100 ft. No. 10 for the latter rate.

IRON.—The little inquiry for Chestnut Oak, and about 50 miles west, mostly in small lots, at \$29 for 100 ft. No. 10 for the latter rate.

IRON.—The little inquiry for Chestnut Oak, and about 50 miles west, mostly in small lots, at \$29 for 100 ft. No. 10 for the latter rate.

IRON.—The little inquiry for Chestnut Oak, and about 50 miles west, mostly in small lots, at \$29 for 100 ft. No. 10 for the latter rate.

IRON.—The little inquiry for Chestnut Oak, and about 50 miles west, mostly in small lots, at \$29 for 100 ft. No. 10 for the latter rate.

IRON.—The little inquiry for Chestnut Oak, and about 50 miles west, mostly in small lots, at \$29 for 100 ft. No. 10 for the latter rate.

IRON.—The little inquiry for Chestnut Oak, and about 50 miles west, mostly in small lots, at \$29 for 100 ft. No. 10 for the latter rate.

IRON.—The little inquiry for Chestnut Oak, and about 50 miles west, mostly in small lots, at \$29 for 100 ft. No. 10 for the latter rate.

IRON.—The little inquiry for Chestnut Oak, and about 50 miles west, mostly in small lots, at \$29 for 100 ft. No. 10 for the latter rate.

IRON.—The little inquiry for Chestnut Oak, and about 50 miles west, mostly in small lots, at \$29 for 100 ft. No. 10 for the latter rate.

IRON.—The little inquiry for Chestnut Oak, and about 50 miles west, mostly in small lots, at \$29 for 100 ft. No. 10 for the latter rate.

IRON.—The little inquiry for Chestnut Oak, and about 50 miles west, mostly in small lots, at \$29 for 100 ft. No. 10 for the latter rate.

IRON.—The little inquiry for Chestnut Oak, and about 50 miles west, mostly in small lots, at \$29 for 100 ft. No. 10 for the latter rate.

IRON.—The little inquiry for Chestnut Oak, and about 50 miles west, mostly in small lots, at \$29 for 100 ft. No. 10 for the latter rate.

IRON.—The little inquiry for Chestnut Oak, and about 50 miles west, mostly in small lots, at \$29 for 100 ft. No. 10 for the latter rate.

IRON.—The little inquiry for Chestnut Oak, and about 50 miles west, mostly in small lots, at \$29 for 100 ft. No. 10 for the latter rate.

IRON.—The little inquiry for Chestnut Oak, and about 50 miles west, mostly in small lots, at \$29 for 100 ft. No. 10 for the latter rate.

IRON.—The little inquiry for Chestnut Oak, and about

## Wit and Humor.

### HOW HE HAD HIM.

A man named Wells kept a tavern in one of our Western villages; but though his house had a very good name, it was more than he had himself; for it was surmised by his neighbors that he used a great deal of indigo, corn, etc., for which he never gave an equivalent, though it had never been clearly proved upon him.

Early one morning, he was met by an acquaintance named Wilkes, as he was driving before him a heifer, which he had most probably borrowed from some farmer.

"Hello, Wells, where did you get that heifer?" cried Wilkes.

"Brought her of Col. Stevens," was the unhesitating reply.

"What did you pay for her?"

"Twenty dollars," said Wells, as he hurried on.

About an hour afterwards, as Wilkes was sitting in Wells's bar-room, Col. Stevens entered. After a few minutes' conversation, Wilkes said:

"A fine animal that you sold Wells!"

"I don't understand you; I never sold Wells any animal."

"Didn't you? Why, I met him this morning with a heifer, which he said he bought of you for twenty dollars."

"He did, eh? Well, since he said so, he has got to pay me for her," said Stevens.

Wilkes entered soon after, and Stevens, stepping up to him, said:

"Come, Wells, I'll trouble you for the money for that heifer; it was a cash bargain, you know."

"I never bought any heifer from you."

"Don't you remember you bought one of me for twenty dollars? Here's Wilkes can prove it."

"No, he can't," said Wells.

"You told me so this morning," said Wilkes.

A curious expression passed over Wells's face; he felt himself cornered; he had either to tell where he got the animal, or lose twenty dollars; and thinking it not safe for him to do the first, he pulled out his wallet, counted out the money, and handed it to Stevens, saying:

"So I did—so I did. I had forgotten all about it; you must excuse me."

### SULPHUROUS.

A verdant Irish girl just arrived was sent to an intelligence office by the Commissioner of Emigration to find a place at service. She was sent to a restaurant, where "stone help" was wanted, and while in conversation with the proprietor, he took occasion to light his cigar by igniting a leesoon match on the sole of his boot. As soon as she saw this, she ran away half frightened to death, and when she reached the office was almost out of breath.

"Why, what is the matter with you?" said the proprietor, seeing her rush in with such confusion.

"Och, shure, sur, but ye's sint me to the sick himself in human form."

"What does he mean? has he dared to insult a help from my office?" inquired the man.

"Yes, sur," returned the girl, "he's the old sick!"

"What did he do? tell me, and I'll fix him for it," said he, quite exasperated.

"Why, sur, whilst I was talking to him about the wages, he turned up the bottom of his fat, and wid a splinter in his finger, sur, he jist gave one stroke, and the fire flew out of his fat, and burned the stick, and he lighted his cigar with it, right afore my own face! He's the old sick, shure, sur!"—*New Orleans Picayune.*

**Mrs. PARTINGTON.**—"What is the matter with Mrs. Jenkins, doctor?" asked Mrs. Partington, as Dr. Bolus passed her house. She had been watching for him for half an hour through a chink in the door, and people who detected the end of a nose thrust out of the chink aforesaid, stopped an instant to look at it, strongly inclined to touch it and see what it was.

"She is troubled with varicose veins, mem," replied the doctor, blandly.

"Do tell," cried the old lady; "well, that accounts for her very coarse behaviour, then, and it isn't any fault o' her arter all, poor woman, 'cause what is to be will be, and if one has very coarse veins, what can one expect? Ah, we are none of us better than we ought to be."

"Good-morning, mem," said Dr. Bolus, as he turned away, and the old lady shut the door.

"No better than we ought to be!" What an original remark, and how candid the admission. The little front entry heard it, and the broad stair that led to the chamber heard it, and he heard it, as he sat in the kitchen, dabbing up the old lady's Pembroke table with flour paste, in an attempt to make a kite out of a choicely saved copy of the Puritan Recorder. "We are no better than we ought to be"—generally.—*Boston Post.*

**NOT TO BE FRIGHTENED BY BRAINS.**—A fast little six year old, the favorite child of a friend of ours, conceiving a dislike for a bold-headed gentleman who frequently passed his father's store, one day threw stones at him. His mother was much grieved at such conduct, and not only sent an apology to the gentleman, but took down the family Bible, and read of the bears who came out and destroyed the children who ridiculed the bold-headed prophet. The next day the little fellow collected a large number of stones, and, as soon as the gentleman made his appearance, commenced hurling them at him. His father soon arrested his warlike demonstration, and asked him what he meant by such conduct. "I thought I'd see if the bears would come out enough, as we said they would."—*Augusta (Georgia) Dispatch.*

"A TON OF VARIETY.—Everybody famous —goes the few better than everybody else."

### DEAD TO THE LAW.

Some years ago, a man without a family or relatives, lived in a county in Arkansas, and was possessed of an estate worth \$5,000. He went to New Orleans, and was absent four years without being heard from. The Probate Judge granted administration on his estate, wound it up, and discharged the administrator. The man returned—had been to Mexico. When in open court the following dialogue took place:

Dead Man.—"If your honor please, I want my effects returned to me, as you see I am not dead."

Court.—"I know—that is, as a man—that you are alive and in court; but, as a *court* I know you are *dead*, for the records of this court say so, and against their verity there can be no averment—so says Lord Coke, and a good many other books I never read!"

Dead Man.—"But I want my property, and it's no matter to me whether your records lie or not. I am alive, and have not transferred my property; and, to deprive me of it without my consent, is against all law."

Court.—"If you intimate that the records of this court lie, this court will send you to jail!"

Dead Man.—"Send a *dead* man to jail!"

Court.—"Mr. Sheriff, take this apparition out."

Sheriff.—"Come, let's go and take something to drink."

The Judge stuck to it, that so far as this court was concerned, he was *dead*, and he'd be caused if he shouldn't stay *dead*! And the poor fellow went into chancery and spent all he made in Mexico, and all the rest.

"A fine animal that you sold Wells!"

"I don't understand you; I never sold Wells any animal."

" Didn't you? Why, I met him this morning with a heifer, which he said he bought of you for twenty dollars."

"He did, eh? Well, since he said so, he has got to pay me for her," said Stevens.

Wilkes entered soon after, and Stevens, stepping up to him, said:

"Come, Wells, I'll trouble you for the money for that heifer; it was a cash bargain, you know."

"I never bought any heifer from you."

"Don't you remember you bought one of me for twenty dollars? Here's Wilkes can prove it."

"No, he can't," said Wells.

"You told me so this morning," said Wilkes.

A curious expression passed over Wells's face; he felt himself cornered; he had either to tell where he got the animal, or lose twenty dollars; and thinking it not safe for him to do the first, he pulled out his wallet, counted out the money, and handed it to Stevens, saying:

"So I did—so I did. I had forgotten all about it; you must excuse me."

### SOMETHING BESIDES PORK FAT.

A great many anecdotes are told by the miners, in relation to their first experience in the mining country. A friend relates the following:

While digging in one of the southern mines, the travelling was so bad that the usual supply of groceries at the stores run short, and nothing edible was to be had but salt pork and flour. This fare was put up with for a long time, until they began to look as greasy as so many Jews, or tallow chandlers. Driven to desperation, one of the party went to the grocery, determined to bring back something besides salt pork and flour.

"Have you nothing but that villainous pork and nasty flour?" said the inquiring miner.

"Nothing."

"No sugar?"

"No."

"No molasses?"

"No, nothing, I tell you."

"What have you in those bottles on the shelf?"

"Jayne's Pectoral, for the cure of coughs, colds, and consumption—only \$8 a bottle."

"Well, give us a bottle, then. I'll have something besides pork fat to eat with my flapjacks."—*N. Y. Picayune.*

### WELLER ON HIS FARM.

The Alameda (Cal.) Herald tells the following anecdote of Ex-Governor Weller, which is worth printing:

It seems that, a few days since, one of those persons who are often met with in this country seeking employment, came to the premises of his Excellency and found him pruning his vineyard, which employment made it necessary to divert him of his coat, and altogether give him the outward appearance of a real laborer. The stranger approached the Governor, and the following colloquy ensued:

"I say, Cap., does the man who owns these premises want to hire any more help?"

"No, sir, I think not; he has all the help wants at present."

"Right nice place this."

"Yes, this is a very good farm."

"Well, Cap., if it's a fair question, what wages do you get here?"

"Oh, I only get my board and clothes, and nothing to drag at that."

"You must be harder up than I am, to work for these prices."

The Governor allowed his interrogator to depart without correcting his mistake, and he continued to use the pruning knife.

### SAYING HER CATECHISM.

A lady observing a little girl apparently lost in the street, accosted her with the question—

"Whose child are you?"

"Child of wrath, ma'am," cried the little urchin, dropping a curtsey, as if addressing the person.

The lady resumed and said—

"Where were you born?"

"Born in sin, ma'am," persevered the diminutive theologian.

The lady resumed and said—

"Who is your God?"

"Child of wrath, ma'am,"

cried the little girl, dropping another curtsey.

The lady resumed and said—

"Who is your Devil?"

"Child of wrath, ma'am,"

cried the little girl, dropping another curtsey.

The lady resumed and said—

"Who is your Saviour?"

"Child of wrath, ma'am,"

cried the little girl, dropping another curtsey.

The lady resumed and said—

"Who is your Devil?"

"Child of wrath, ma'am,"

cried the little girl, dropping another curtsey.

The lady resumed and said—

"Who is your Saviour?"

"Child of wrath, ma'am,"

cried the little girl, dropping another curtsey.

The lady resumed and said—

"Who is your Devil?"

"Child of wrath, ma'am,"

cried the little girl, dropping another curtsey.

The lady resumed and said—

"Who is your Saviour?"

"Child of wrath, ma'am,"

cried the little girl, dropping another curtsey.

The lady resumed and said—

"Who is your Devil?"

"Child of wrath, ma'am,"

cried the little girl, dropping another curtsey.

The lady resumed and said—

"Who is your Saviour?"

"Child of wrath, ma'am,"

cried the little girl, dropping another curtsey.

The lady resumed and said—

"Who is your Devil?"

"Child of wrath, ma'am,"

cried the little girl, dropping another curtsey.

The lady resumed and said—

"Who is your Saviour?"

"Child of wrath, ma'am,"

cried the little girl, dropping another curtsey.

The lady resumed and said—

"Who is your Devil?"

"Child of wrath, ma'am,"

cried the little girl, dropping another curtsey.

The lady resumed and said—

"Who is your Saviour?"

"Child of wrath, ma'am,"

cried the little girl, dropping another curtsey.

The lady resumed and said—

"Who is your Devil?"

"Child of wrath, ma'am,"

cried the little girl, dropping another curtsey.

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.

NO. 132 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE, HUMOR, &c.

HEDMUND DEACON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.  
HENRY PETERSON,

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1831.

WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 200.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1860.

ALLIE WAYNE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
BY H. CLAY PREUSS.

How lovely is the balmy June,  
When earth seems all aglow,  
When sunbeams smile the livelong day,  
And soft south-breezes blow.  
The rough north-wind and ravenous frost,  
To their polar haunts have fled;  
The cold earth waked by the glowing sun,  
Has blushed in roses red.  
  
'Twas in the June-time, long ago,  
I met sweet Allie Wayne,  
The glimpse of heaven she gave to me  
I ne'er shall see again!  
Like flowers beguiled by warm south-winds,  
That ope their buds too soon,  
She came to me with summer-sweets,  
And died out with the June!  
  
The balmy June is smiling now,  
In all her flowered pride,  
But ah! the roses lost their bloom,  
When darling Allie died.  
A cold, dead weight is on my heart,  
And a shadow on my brow,  
For she who once brought summer here,  
Has left a winter now!  
  
Is love, that thrills the immortal soul,  
As frail as human breath?  
Does it pure, electric flame  
Survive the death of death?  
Oh! golden dreams of early youth,  
Will ye not come again?  
Shall I not meet, in brighter climes,  
My angel, Allie Wayne?

REGINA;  
OR, THE BIRTHRIGHT.

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER I.

A charmed lady—pale and fair,  
With deep dark eyes and raven hair—  
A slender hand—a sweet, low voice,  
Whose utterance is rare and choice—  
And dimpled lips, whose touch were bliss—  
Who knows a lady like to this? M. B.

The world, as all who live in it very well know, has periodical seasons for going mad—constantly recurring intervals, when straight waistcoats and ornaments of iron seem absolutely necessary for its safety, though they have never yet been applied.

One of these spasmodic fits of excitement was at its culminating point at the time of which I write. London had been comparatively sane for many months, and the long pent-up enthusiasm of its denizens burst out suddenly, like champagne from a freshly opened bottle, when a fitting cause for enthusiastic extravagances arrived. It was not the Comet—it was not the Moon hoax—it was not the approaching Millennium—that roused them so; neither did it come in the shape of a religious revival, or a monster political demonstration. Little enough had the cause to do with millenniums or revivals, if all was truth that was whispered here and there: little enough with moon or burning stars, or indeed with anything skyward. Does any one wish me to speak more plainly? Cannot all read this little riddle of mine: "What is that which goes around the house, and stays within the house, and yet contrives to set every person and every thing by the ears, for miles outside the house?" I think I see some worthy old gentleman looking sagely (as he reads this portion of my initial chapter aloud) at his wife and daughters, who are busy with their work around the parlor table, after tea.

"Can you guess, my dear?"

"Oh, no!" replies the good mamma, looking innocently back at him. "Round the house, and stays within the house"—perhaps it is the cat?"

"No, my love, it is a woman!"

Unfortunate man, what a storm you will bring about your ears by that audacious speech! How madam will look grave, and begin to talk about the village news! How Mary Jane and Sophie will exclaim against your uncharitable interpretation, and vow that if it is the true one, they will never, never read the story as long as they live! Nevertheless, good sir, you are in the right—if that can console you. It was a woman who was at the bottom of the mischief, as usual—a woman over whom London was rejoicing in this most absurd fashion—and, above all, a woman of whom strange stories had been told, (and so report said) with the greatest reason. No saint was she—no Psyche, hovering with unsoiled wings above this mundane sphere—but "simply," as in her fierce, indomitable pride, she called herself—simply, Regina—"Regina, the Accres!"

This was her first appearance in London; and on the night appointed, the pit and galleries of the —— Theatre were crowded to suffocation as soon as the doors were opened; while even the dress circle and the private as well as public boxes filled before the overture commenced. A subdued murmur of voices

formed a running accompaniment to the music; every one was talking of "Regina;" every one was wondering why she had come at last, after receiving so many and such fabulous offers from London managers, without heeding them, before. The history of her life, and her avoidance of the metropolis, was, unhappily, no secret; and there was scarcely a shopboy in the pit who did not know that her first lover had been a young English nobleman, who died just as he was on the point of converting their liaison into a respectable *hors de mariage*; and that through grief at the loss, either of the lover or the title—(mention both, because some people said one, while some stuck to the other)—she had well-nigh vowed a vow never to recall the agony of their parting by visiting the land of his birth—the city where the brother who now bore his name would very probably come under her notice—possibly to be persuaded to see her play! Since his death she had darted Paris, and taken New York by storm—had driven the staid Bostonians wild, and flashed through the whole United States like a meteor, drawing a train of inflammable Yankees after her, like captives at her chariot wheels. Tiring at last, even of their devotion, she had retired from the stage—some said for a time, some said forever—and had been living quietly, in a Texan villa, till she emerged from her seclusion in this startling way. It was rumored that the manager of the —— Theatre, who had been travelling in the States, had stumbled upon her retreat in the most unexpected and delightful way; and, animated by his good fortune, so wrought upon her by his persuasive arguments of tongue and purse, that she resigned her villa, and accompanied him to England, with the avowed intention of playing now and then, through the season. It might have been so; but every act of her life was so thickly overlaid with romance, that the truth was sometimes harder to come at than if it had been hidden in the deepest well that was ever dug.

Scandal's tongue had taken its usual license in the matter of the lovers; the real fact of the case being that Regina had favored only one—the young Englishman already alluded to. He had seen her at her first appearance on any stage—he had heard her sing in a minor Parisian theatre, and had formed the determination, which he afterwards carried out, of winning her for himself, before another had breathed a single word of love in her ear. Her antecedents were of the most simple kind. She was the daughter of a needy actor, and, be dying, the company, poor as it was, had generously adopted her. She was the "child," not "of the regiment," but of "the stage." There was no one to question Lord Erlinford's proceedings—her parents having both gone to their last account; and he took the fair Madeline to his house and home where she was but sixteen and he but twenty-one. No one told her that she was doing wrong by going with him; she had never been inside a church since her mother died; and the poor souls at the theatre, who had been so kind to her, rejoiced openly at her good fortune, and dried the few tears she shed on parting with them, by talking to her of the wonderful things Lord Erlinford would give her, and how they should look up at night to see her in the stall-box of their house, grand and beautiful as a fairy queen. She went away smiling in her carriage, with her lover by her side, thinking that Fairy Land could never be one-half so beautiful as Paris, and that fairy princesses were not to be named in the same day with the eager boy whose dear blue eyes were looking so tenderly into her own, and whose musical voice was saying, "Mine, Madeline—mine forever!" We shall never have to part from each other again—we shall never have to say "Good-night" and "Good-morning" now except in our own dear home!"

"More sinned against than sinning" was poor Madeline. For Lord Erlinford there was no such excuse. Born in an English home, and of English parents, he was able to choose good from evil. It was by his own deliberate free will that he entered, even in his earliest years, upon a course of dissipation that broke his mother's heart, and at last brought his father after her to the grave: it was by his own choice that, on the very day of his majority, he left Oxford for Paris, determined to drink to the dregs that cup whose first draught had intoxicated him so. The year had passed in the maddest revelry—his health was ruined, his constitution shattered, and, for the first time in his existence, he felt the stings of remorse. Many eyes turned wistfully towards the

stage, where he lounged on this night—many female

anthonemas were launched at the unionious head of Captain Tom Grosvenor, "whose odious influence probably kept him from marrying;" but, above all, the ladies were discussing the question of Regina's early love, and wondering if she would recognize the Earl, and if she would faint or scream when she did so. He had his musings upon the subject himself, and was almost nervously anxious to see the woman who had so nearly robbed him of all he valued most on earth.

Directly opposite the Earl's box was that of his second cousin, Eustace Erlinford, M. P., tenanted by Mrs. Erlinford, a pretty woman of forty-five, and her daughter Helen, a beautiful girl, "just out," an only child, and an immense heiress, since the bulk of the Erlinford estate, in addition to her mother's fortune, was settled upon her.

She was a blonde beauty, with large, blue eyes, and hair of that perfect golden tint so seldom seen except on the heads of very young children. A slight natural wave in the glossy surface added to the charm of this bright coronal, and a stray ringlet escaped from its duration and fell upon the whitest neck in the world. She wore no ornaments; not even a ring or bracelet marred the perfect symmetry of her hand and arm. One modest white rose, with its green leaves, decked her corsage; a bouquet of the same little flowers was on her lap. For the rest, her dress was devised with the purest simplicity, and a scarf of exquisite filmy lace thrown over all, in lieu of an opera cloak, added to it a peculiar and pleasing effect. Lord Charlemont, looking across at her through his opera-glass, compared her to the young May moon enveloped in a silvery cloud. It was not often that his lordship grew poetical, but Helen was quite fair enough to excuse the outburst.

"Beauty and innocence, white roses and purity, and all that sort of thing," he said, shutting up his glass and turning to Grosvenor. "Come with me, Tom. I must go and pay my respects to my cousin, and congratulate Miss Erlinford, for she has just been presented at Court. We can see Regina quite as well from their box—only mind, Tom, if Eustace comes in you must listen to him, I can't. He actually wants me to go and live at Erlinford, and watch over the welfare of my tenants, and see that their cottages are healthy, and all that sort of thing. He has brought some measure into Parliament about them. Do let him talk to you about it, or he'll burst."

"Oh, I don't mind listening; I can do with my eyes wide open," said Captain Tom, good-naturedly, as he followed his patron round to the other box, where they were received by Mrs. Erlinford with a joyous welcome, and by Helen with a shy look of pleasure, such as a fawn might give at the approach of one who has been kind to her. Helen was always glad to see Charlemont—she had known him from her cradle, and loved him as a brother.

"One more remains to be noticed of our *deities personae*. In the pit, half sitting, half leaning upon the first row of benches, was a fair-haired, resolute looking man, apparently of the same age as the Earl, and bearing strange to say—a slight resemblance to him, and also to Helen. It was difficult to say in what the likeness consisted, but it was there. Yet he was far handsomer than the Earl. The forehead, from which the wavy hair was brushed carelessly, was high, and white, and smooth; the nose was slightly aquiline, the lips full, and firmly set, the chin beautifully moulded, and slightly indented, as if the lips of Venus had lingered there a moment. The eyes were large, blue, and sparkling, varying with every mood of their owner, though their general expression was tinged with melancholy. The figure of this man was tall and elegant; his hands and feet of aristocratic smallness; his dress neat and simple; and his whole air and manner refined and gentlemanly in the extreme. It was difficult to look at him and at the Earl without feeling that they should have changed places. Poor, nameless author though he was, he looked far nobler than the peer."

Captain Grosvenor, whose eyes had been wandering over the house, suddenly caught sight of him, and pointed him out to Lord Charlemont's notice.

"There's Clifford!"

"Clifford! Clifford who?"

"Why, Clifford—the author—the man who wrote the book you were mad over the other day. You said you wanted to see him."

"To be sure I did. We must have him to

dine with us some day. The cleverest writer in England, Mrs. Erlinford."

"Indeed!" And the lady took a long stare at him through her glass.

"Not to say the handsomest," chimed in Captain Grosvenor.

Hearing this, Helen Erlinford bent forward to look at him; too well trained, however, to say that she quite agreed with Captain Grosvenor about his beauty. He was studying the playbill intently; but at that moment, by some odd impulse, he looked up, and saw the three glasses and one pair of very lovely eyes fixed upon him. The color mounted to his brow, for he was as sensitive as a girl; then he turned, with a haughty grace, and looked steadily at the other side of the house.

"Very rude!" said Mrs. Erlinford, laying down her glass. "He seemed quite offended because we looked at him. Odd, isn't it, Helen?"

The entrance of her father prevented Helen from replying; and just as he sat down in the vacant chair beside her, a little bell rang; a murmur and a thrill ran through the vast audience, as they settled down into their seats; the music ceased, and the curtain rose slowly, while every one bent forward in breathless suspense.

It was, perhaps, a singular play to present to such an audience—that of "Mary Stuart;" but it had been written for Regina, in France, and "toned down" by the present manager, till nothing unpalatable remained for English ears to listen to.

So, there she stood, that loveliest and most unhappy of queens—nay, perhaps, more *lofty* represented than now. The play opened with her escape from Lechleven Castle. The gray towers of her first refuge rose in the background: armed men guarded the drawbridge and the pass; grand noblemen surrounded their liege lady, and Willie Douglas knelt at her feet, with his bright face raised to her.—The Queen, wearing a riding habit of black, and a velvet cap, whose long white plume almost touched her shoulder, had just alighted from her horse. One hand played lightly with his flowing mane, the other was extended for the happy Douglas to kiss; while her exulting glance, stretching over wood and tower, and up to the distant hills, said, plainer than words could do,

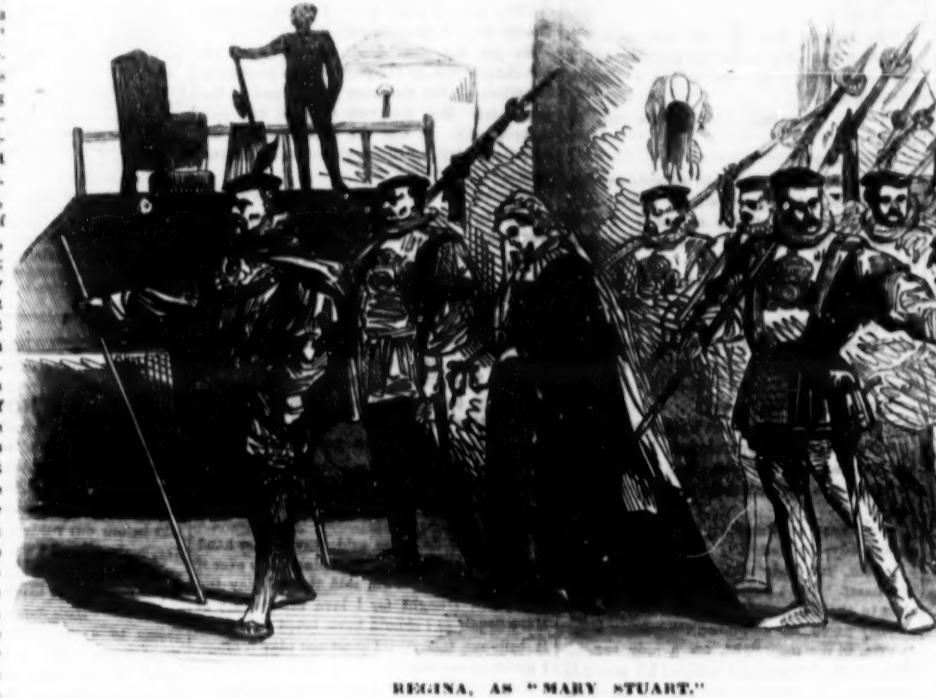
"At last, at last, I am free!"

There was a dead silence when this tableau first met the eyes of the spectators. No one had hoped to see Regina before the second act. The momentary surprise over, that vast audience rose to their feet with a thunder of applause; that made the Arabian stand to his elegant height, and open wide his dark, bright eyes. "Mary Stuart!" "Queen Mary!" "Regina! Regina!" echoed through the house.—The actress stepped forward to the footlights, and bent very slightly in acknowledgment of their deafening cheers.

Well had her character been chosen: for Mary herself could scarcely have seemed more stately or more fair. Far above the usual height of women, and as delicately moulded as Psyche herself, there was yet a little grace about her figure that gave the impression of great physical strength and endurance. She was active and agile as the panther of the mountains, and even in her most motionless attitudes there was nothing of repose. A deathless fire shining through a fragile vase, a sharp sword sheathed in a delicately wrought scabbard—those were the images that suggested themselves to the poet Clifford, as he looked upon that face and form.

Regina wore no rouge. This was one of the many theatrical laws against which she transgressed boldly, but no one could regret it who looked upon her. Her complexion was neither fair nor dark; it had the peculiar creamy hue of the American Creole—the tint of that queen of illes, the Calla Ethiopia. Only with this complexion could match the faint, clear crimson of the lips, the purple-black lustre of the hair, and the soft, dark grey eyes, made almost black at times by their large pupils and long ebony lashes. No rose-tint was on her cheek, and yet it was not pale. It was easy to see that perfect health and strength joined hands with perfect development in that majestic expanse. You could see her living, freely and exultantly, as she stood before you.

But if there was much of beauty in the face, there was also much of pride. Her large eyes scanned the audience with a kind of quiet scorn, as they shouted and waved their handkerchiefs, and rocked to and fro in their excitement, like the waves of a troubled sea.—Clifford watched her closely, and fancied he understood her feelings. She seemed saying to herself and to them—"Here I am—look well at me! You are all my slaves, if I will it. I have only to be gracious, and you will kneel to me! You will never let a wife or daughter of yours touch my hand, or say a kind word to me; but you yourselves will love me—will worship me; and be spurned for your pains!" He was not entirely wrong in his translation. Some such thoughts were passing through Regina's mind, as she received that ovation, but they were far fewer than he dreamed. She bowed, at last, and made a slight gesture with her hand, as if she was about to speak. In an instant all was still.



REGINA, AS "MARY STUART."